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SAVAGE.

Just as th'invetrate Son of mischief ends
Comes a white dove and over the pot defends

Drawn by Rob.t Wood, R.A.

Engraved by W. Pye

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XIX.

SAVAGE AND DYER.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of November, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Mitchell, Ames and White, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Robert Walsh, Jr."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. JOHNSON.

LIFE OF SAVAGE.

IT has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station; whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those, whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raises no astonishment; but it seems rational to hope, that intellec-

tual greatness should produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they, who are most able to teach others the way to happiness, should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil history, have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered, than for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miseries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives, and untimely deaths.

To these mournful narratives I am about to add the Life of Richard Savage, a man whose writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the classes of learning, and whose misfortunes claim a degree of compassion, not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the consequences of the crimes of others, rather than his own.

In the year 1697, Anne countess of Macclesfield, having lived some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared, that the child, with which she was then great, was begotten by the earl Rivers. This, as may be imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognizable by ecclesiastical judges; and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very

great, was repaid her, and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to colonel Brett.

While the earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January, 1697-8, delivered of a son: and the earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to discover what motives could be found to over-balance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crimes and solicited reproach, and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expenses which the care of her child could have brought upon her.

But whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born, than she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage. Born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and disowned by his mother,

doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands, or dashed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the inquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures she had taken; and her mother, the lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet as he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed through several of the classes, with what rapidity or with what applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with respect of his master, it is probable that the mean rank, in which he then appeared, did not hinder his genius from being distinguished, or his industry from being rewarded: and if in so low a state he obtained distinction and

rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture, that his application was equal to his abilities, because his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earliest productions had been preserved, like those of happier students, we might in some have found vigorous sallies of that sprightly humour which distinguishes The Author to be Let, and in others strong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the solemn scenes of the Wanderer.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father the earl Rivers was seized with a distemper, which in a short time put an end to his life.* He had frequently inquired after his son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive answers; but, being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a positive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuse an answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that happiness which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first instance of a lie invented by a mother to deprive her son of a provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

This was therefore an act of wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected; the earl did not imagine there could exist in a human form a mother, that would ruin her son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other person six thousand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

He died Aug. 18th, 1712. *R.*

The same cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended him, prompted her in a short time to another project, a project worthy of such a disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American Plantations.*

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she formed soon after a scheme for burying him in poverty and obscurity in his own; and that his station of life, if not the place of his residence, might keep him for ever at a distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a shoe-maker in Holborn, that, after the usual time of trial, he might become his apprentice.*

It is generally reported, that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him, that an unexpected discovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurse, who had always treated him as her own son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of those effects which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found some letters written to her by the lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother; and therefore without scruple applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard. But neither his let-

* Savage's Preface to his Miscellanies.

ters, nor the interposition of those friends which his merit or his distress procured him, made any impression upon her mind. She still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her: she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect, for he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support; and, having no profession, became by necessity an author.

At this time the attention of all the literary world was engrossed by the Bangorian controversy, which filled the press with pamphlets, and the coffee-houses with disputants. Of this subject, as most popular, he made choice for his first attempt, and without any other knowledge of the question than he had casually collected from conversation, published a poem against the bishop.

What was the success or merit of this performance, I know not; it was probably lost among the innumerable pamphlets to which that dispute gave occasion. Mr. Savage was himself, in a little time, ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it by destroying all the copies that he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing, and in his *eighteenth* year offered to the stage

a comedy, borrowed from a Spanish plot, which wa refused by the players, and was therefore given b him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more interes made some slight alterations, and brought it upo the stage, under the title of Woman's a Riddle, bu allowed the unhappy author no part of the profit.

Not discouraged however at his repulse, he wrot two years afterwards Love in a Veil, another com dy, borrowed likewise from the Spanish, but wit little better success than before; for though it wa received and acted, yet it appeared so late in th year, that the author obtained no other advantag from it, than the acquaintance of sir Richard Stee and Mr. Wilks, by whom he was pitied, caresse and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele, having declared in his favou with all the ardour of benevolence which const tuted his character, promoted his interest with th utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded h merit, took all the opportunities of recommendin him, and asserted, that "the inhumanity of his mo ther had given him a right to find every good ma his father."

Nor did the kindness of Sir Richard end in com mon favours. He proposed to have establishe him in some settled scheme of life, and to have co tracted a kind of alliance with him, by marryin him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended t bestow a thousand pounds. But though he wa always lavish of future bounties, he conducted hi affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own in tentions; and as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed In the mean time he was officiously informed, tha Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he wa so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allow ance which he had paid him; and never afterward admitted him to his house.

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might by his imprudence expose himself to the malice of a tale-bearer; for his patron had many follies, which, as his discernment easily discovered, his imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously.

He was now again abandoned to fortune without any other friend than Mr. Wilks; a man, who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues.

As Mr. Wilks was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only assisted him in any casual distresses, but continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death.

By his interposition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother fifty pounds, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man, that few promises of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected, among others, with the general madness of the South Sea traffic; and, having been disappointed in her expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the prospect of sudden affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendship of Mr. Wilks, he was consequently an assiduous frequenter of the theatres; and in a short time the amusements of the stage took such possession of his mind, that he never was absent from a play in several years.

This constant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled pension of fifty pounds a year, which was during her life regularly paid.

That this act of generosity may receive its due praise, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be sullied by her general character, it is proper to mention, what Mr. Savage often declared, in the strongest terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other place than behind the scenes.

At her death he endeavoured to show his gratitude in the most decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother.

In his Wanderer he has taken an opportunity of mentioning her; but celebrates her not for her virtue, but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her; this is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his praise.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit, on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design: but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty; for, some of those, whom she incited against him, were ashamed of their own conduct, and boasted of that relief which they never gave him.

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving

his fortune, by enlarging his acquaintance, necessarily leading him to places of expense, he found it necessary* to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge, and longer observation. But having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject, was that of Sir Thomas Overbury. Out of this story he formed a tragedy, which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius, and evenness of mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when under these discouragements the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage, an undertaking, which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting; for, having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he

* In 1724.

always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses, in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment, and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovation, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances, he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the summer, when the chief actors had retired, and the rest were in possession of the house for their own advantage. Among these, Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which nature seems not to have designed him; for neither his voice, look, nor gesture, were such as were expected on the stage; and he was so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list, when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more successful; for the rays of genius that glim-

mered in it, that glimmered through all the mists which poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it, procured him the notice and esteem of many persons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits arose to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large sum, having been never master of so much before.

In the dedication, for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellencies of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not in the latter part of his life see his friends about to read without snatching the play out of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in The Plain Dealer, with some affecting lines, which he asserts to have been written by Mr. Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himself the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. These lines, and the paper * in which they were inserted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her aversion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the subscription to the Miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest part of the poems of which it is composed, and particularly The Happy Man, which he published as a specimen.

* The Plain Dealer was a periodical paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkness. They wrote by turns each six essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's week, and fall in Mr. Bond's.—Dr. J.

The subscriptions of those whom these papers should influence to patronize merit in distress, without any other solicitation, were directed to be left at Button's coffee-house; and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his proposal, found to his surprise seventy guineas, which had been sent him in consequence of the compassion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic representation.

To this Miscellany he wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination, which the success of his subscription probably produced.

The dedication is addressed to the lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he flatters without reserve, and, to confess the truth, with very little art. The same observation may be extended to all his dedications: his compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order, or the decency of introduction: he seems to have written his panegyrics for the perusal only of his patrons, and to imagine that he had no other task than to pamper them with praises, however gross, and that flattery would make its way to the heart, without the assistance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the king furnished a general subject for a poetical contest, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors: but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increase of his reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a species of writing, of which all the topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event, of which it is not yet determined whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house; but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves till morning.

In this walk they happened unluckily to discover a light in Robinson's coffee-house near Charing-cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, swords were drawn on both sides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage, having wounded likewise a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the house; but being intimidated and confused, without resolution either to fly or stay, they were ta-

ken in a back-court by one of the company, and some soldiers, whom he had called to his assistance.

Being secured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three justices, who committed them to the gate-house, from whence upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the same day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were however treated with some distinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined, not among the common criminals, but in the pressyard.

When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unusual manner; and the public appeared to interest itself as in a cause of general concern. The witnesses against Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the house which was a house of ill fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in bed. They swore in general, that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their swords to justify; that Savage drew first, and that he stabbed Sinclair when he was not in a posture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his sword; that after he had given the thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was some difference in their depositions; one did not see Savage give the wound, another saw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground: and the woman of the town asserted, that she did not see Sinclair's sword at all: this difference however was very far from amounting to *inconsistency*; but it was sufficient to show, that

: hurry of the dispute was such, that it was not ıy to discover the truth with relation to particu- circumstances, and that therefore some deduc- ɔns were to be made from the credibility of the stimonies.

Sinclair had declared several times before his .eath, that he received his wound from Savage: ıor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but en- leavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the suddenness of the whole action, and the impossibi- lity of any ill design, or premeditated malice; and partly to justify it by the necessity of self-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had lost that opportunity of giving the thrust: he observed, that neither reason nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an assault, and to preserve life by taking away that of the ad- versary by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he en- deavoured to escape, he declared, that it was not his design to fly from justice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and severities of a prison; and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulsion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the most attentive and respectful silence: those who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witnesses who appeared against him were proved to be persons of characters which did not entitle them to much credit; a common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported: and the character of Savage was by several persons of dis

tinction asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive man, not inclined to broils or to insolence, and who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity, and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury; as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury: but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

Mr. Savage, hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted, that his cause was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the necessity of endeavouring to escape the expences of imprisonment; but the judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he should be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, that good characters were of no weight against positive evidence, though they might turn the scale where it was doubtful; and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only manslaughter; but where one is the aggressor, as *in the* case before them, and, in pursuance of his

first attack, kills the other, the law supposes the action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder; and Mr. Merchant, who had no sword, only of manslaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which lasted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight; four days afterwards they were sent back to the court to receive sentence.

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life, but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earnestly solicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the story may obtain belief, was obstructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the queen against him, she made use of an incident, which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpose which it was made to serve. Mr. Savage, when he had discovered his birth, had an incessant desire to speak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refused him admission into her house. One evening walking, as it was his custom, in the street that she inhabited, he saw the door of her house by accident open; he entered it, and, finding no person in the passage to hinder him, went up stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the most distressful outcries, and, when she had by her screams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the house that villain, who had forced himself in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the most submissive tenderness to soften her rage, hearing her utter so detestable an accusation, thought it prudent to retire; and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But, shocked as he was with her falsehood and her cruelty, he imagined that she intended no other use of her lie, than to set herself free from his embraces and solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her memory as an instrument of future wickedness, or that she would endeavour for this fictitious assault to deprive him of his life.

But when the queen was solicited for his pardon, and informed of the severe treatment which he had suffered from his judge, she answered, that, however unjustifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that man a proper object of the king's mercy, who had been capable of entering his mother's house in the night, with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been transmitted to the queen; whether she that invented had the front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful design; I know not: but methods had been taken to persuade the queen so strongly of the truth of it, that she for a long time refused to hear any one of those who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage perished by the evidence of a bawd, a strumpet, and his mother, had not justice and compassion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the countess of Hertford, who engaged in his support with all the tenderness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generosity; and, demanding an audience of the queen, laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty, exposed the improbability of an accusation [illegible] which he was charged with an intent to commit

a murder that could produce no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a reason for extraordinary severity.

The interposition of this lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those who before admired him for his abilities. The peculiar circumstances of his life were made more generally known by a short account, which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few weeks dispersed over the nation: and the compassion of mankind operated so powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. Gregory in prison; and, when he was pardoned and released, he found the number of his friends not lessened.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itself doubtful; of the evidences which appeared against him, the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriously infamous; she, whose testimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now (1744) collector of Antigua, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined, even by some who favoured him: and Page himself afterwards confessed, that he had treated him with uncommon rigour. When all these particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial.

Some time after he obtained his liberty, he met

in the street the woman who had sworn with s much malignity against him. She informed hin that she was in distress, and, with a degree of cor fidence not easily attainable, desired him to reliev her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and t king pleasure in the calamities of one who ha brought his life into danger, reproved her gentl for her perjury; and changing the only guinea th he had, divided it equally between her and hin self.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing qualit of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take ac vantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, c to press upon the falling: whoever was distressec was certain at least of his good wishes; and whe he could give no assistance to extricate them fro misfortunes, he endeavoured to sooth them b sympathy and tenderness.

But when his heart was not softened by th sight of misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his r sentment, and did not quickly lose the remembranc of an injury. He always continued to speak wit anger of the insolence and partiality of Page, an a short time before his death revenged it by satire.

It is natural to inquire in what terms Mr. Savag spoke of this fatal action, when the danger wa over, and he was under no necessity of using an art to set his conduct in the fairest light. He wa not willing to dwell upon it; and, if he transientl mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himse as a murderer, nor as a man wholly free from th guilt of blood.* How much and how long he r gretted it, appeared in a poem which he publishe many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy c verses, in which the failings of good men were r counted, and in which the author had endeavoure

one of his letters he styles it "a fatal quarrel, but to own." *Dr. J.*

to illustrate his position, that "the best may sometimes deviate from virtue," by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked, that it was no very just representation of a good man, to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him; sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty; or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for, as whatever he received was the gift of chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities, by treating him at taverns, and habituating him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of these inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled income, which, having long found submission and entreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that tenderness for her, which the whole series of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the efforts which she made for his destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his struggles with poverty, but was ready to snatch every opportunity of adding to his mis-

fortunes; and that she was to be considered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could satisfy. He therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons, and to publish a copious narrative of her conduct, unless she consented to purchase an exemption from infamy by allowing him a pension.

This expedient proved successful. Whether shame still survived, though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the darts which satire might point at her would glance upon them; Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design of exposing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life; and for some time he had no reason to complain of fortune: his appearance was splendid, his expenses large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste.

This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradations to its lowest; and, had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry, he would, perhaps, not have had many superiors.

Of his exact observations on human life he has left a proof, which would do honour to the greatest names, in a small pamphlet, called The Author to be Let, where he introduces Iscariot Hackney, a prostitute scribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his disposition, and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction r ed many secret histories of the petty wri- , but sometimes mixed with unge-

nerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances, or those of their relations; nor can it be denied, that some passages are such as Iscariot Hackney might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an appearance of friendship with some whom he satirized, and of making use of the confidence which he gained by a seeming kindness, to discover failings and expose them. It must be confessed, that Mr. Savage's esteem was no very certain possession, and that he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another.

The Author to be Let was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to the Dunciad, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the earl of Middlesex, in a dedication which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions, that the true author would, perhaps, not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction.

The publication of this piece at this time raised Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among those that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was considered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private intelligence and secret incidents: so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied; because he himself confessed, that, when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis, he wrote an epigram* against him.

* This epigram was, I believe, never published.

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;

Mr. Savage, however, set all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendship of Mr. Pope cheaply purchased by being exposed to their censure and their hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithstanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he published a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas; a sum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron, be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a person of yet higher rank, and more desirous, in appearance, of being distinguished as a patron of literature.

In this gay period* of his life, while he was surrounded by affluence and pleasure, he published The Wanderer, a moral poem, of which the design is comprised in these lines.

> I fly all public care, all venal strife,
> To try the still, compar'd with active life;
> To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
> The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
> That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
> Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more distinctly in the following passage:

> By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
> By woe, in plaintless patience it excels:

> Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
> Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
> On one so poor you cannot take the law,
> On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
> Uncag'd, then, let the harmless monster rage,
> Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age. *Dr. J.*

* 1729.

From patience, prudent, clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.

This performance was always considered by himself as his master-piece; and Mr. Pope, when he asked his opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeased with it; that it gave him more pleasure at the second perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to The Wanderer, that the disposition of the parts is irregular; that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric, as a heap of shining materials, thrown together by accident, which strikes rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin, than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

This criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be missed by negligence or stupidity, and that the whole plan was regular, and the parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life; and it may easily be observed, that most of his pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, "that good is the consequence of evil." The sun that burns up the mountains, fructifies the vales; the deluge that rushes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuosity, is separated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is

a proof how deep an impression it had upon his mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no other purposes than those of virtue, and that it is written with a very strong sense of the efficacy of religion.

From a poem so diligently laboured, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable advantage; nor can it without some degree of indignation and concern be told, that he sold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last sheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his absence intrusted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price, was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions; or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that genius by which they are supported; but to that intemperate desire of pleasure, and habitual slavery to his passions, which involved him in many perplexities. He happened at that time to be engaged in the pursuit of some trifling gratification, and, being without money for the present occasion, sold his poem to the first bidder, and perhaps for the first price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This poem was addressed to the lord Tyrconnel, not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication, filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the wa[illegible] professions of gratitude, but by no [illegible]ns r[illegible]ble for delicacy of connexion or ele-

These praises in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage assigned very different reasons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed, that it was the constant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that proposed it, drink the most expensive wines with great profusion, and when the reckoning was demanded, to be without money: if, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended without any ill consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his method of composition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, assume the government of the house, and order the butler in an imperious manner to set the best wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the respect due to the house in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost extravagance of merriment, practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness.

Nor was this the only charge which lord Tyrconnel brought against him: having given him a collection of valuable books, stamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to see them in a short time exposed to sale upon the stalls, it being usual with Mr. Savage, when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage easily credited both these accusations: for having been obliged, from his first entrance into the world, to subsist upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he de-

lighted with wine and conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without scruple, and trust for the reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those inconveniences that might be feared by any other person; for his conversation was so entertaining, and his address so pleasing, that few thought the pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased, by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happiness, that he scarcely ever found a stranger, whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger.

Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared, that lord Tyrconnel quarrelled* with him, because he would not subtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his resentment was only a plea for the violation of his promise. He asserted, that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that subsistence which he thought not so much a favour as a debt, sincé it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken; and that his only fault was, that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that lord Tyrconnel often exhorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to spend all his nights in taverns, and that he appeared very desirous that he would pass those hours with him, which he so freely bestowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage considered as a censure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear, and which, in the latter and cooler parts of his life,

* [illegible] in one of his letters was, "that lord Tyrconnel [illegible]ate, and therefore poorly sought an occasion [illegible]" *Dr. J.*

was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his resolution, "to spurn that friend who should presume to dictate to him;" and it is not likely that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmness.

During his continuance with the lord Tyrconnel, he wrote The Triumph of Health and Mirth, on the recovery of lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable, not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Belinda is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumstances of his birth and life, the splendour of his appearance, and the distinction which was for some time paid him by lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted; he did not fail to gratify that curiosity which induced him to take a nearer view of those whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, necessarily place at a distance from the greatest part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminished by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the splendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the objects that surrounded them; and whether great men were selected for high stations, or high stations made great men.

But the opportunity of indulging his speculations on great characters was now at an end. He was banished from the table of lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without prospect of finding quickly any other harbour. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no provision against a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined but that the separation must for some time have been preceded by coldness, peevishness, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the consequence of accumulated provocations on both sides; yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe, that to him it was sudden as a stroke of thunder; that, though he might have transiently suspected it, he had never suffered any thought so unpleasing to sink into his mind; but that he had driven it away by amusements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any measures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and separation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was exposed by them, were soon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the behaviour of both, how much is added to the lustre of genius by the ornaments of wealth.

His degradation, from the condition which he had enjoyed with wanton thoughtlessness, was considered by many as an occasion of triumph. Those who had before paid their court to him without success, soon returned the contempt which they had suffered; and they who had received favours from him, for of such favours as he could bestow he was very liberal, did not always remember them.

Savage, however, was very little disturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill-fortune brought upon him, from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as

levelled by any calamities: and though it was not without some uneasiness that he saw some, whose friendship he valued, change their behaviour; he yet observed their coldness without much emotion, considered them as the slaves of fortune, and the worshippers of prosperity, and was more inclined to despise them, than to lament himself.

It does not appear that, after this return of his wants, he found mankind equally favourable to him, as at his first appearance in the world. His story, though in reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new friends; and those that had formerly relieved him thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal, than as unhappy; for the friends of lord Tyrconnel, and of his mother, were sufficiently industrious to publish his weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous; and nothing was forgotten, that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

Savage, however, was not one of those who suffered himself to be injured without resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the faults of lord Tyrconnel; over whom he obtained at least this advantage, that he drove him first to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was so much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants, that did no honour to his courage, to beat him at a coffee-house. But it happened that he had left the place a few minutes; and his lordship had, without danger, the pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his visit at his own house; but was prevailed on, by his domestics, to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

The spirit of Mr. Savage indeed never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation; he returned re-

proach for reproach, and insult for insult; his superiority of wit supplied the disadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

But though this might be some gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his necessities; and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear misery with fortitude, than enjoy prosperity with moderation.

He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother; and therefore, I believe, about this time, published The Bastard, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth; and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigour and spirit of the verses, the peculiar circumstances of the author, the novelty of the subject, and the notoriety of the story to which the allusions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately dispersed, and editions were multiplied with unusual rapidity.

One circumstance attended the publication, which Savage used to relate with great satisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was with "due reverence" inscribed, happened then to be at Bath, where she could not conveniently retire from censure, or conceal herself from observation; and no sooner did the reputation of the poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all places of concourse; nor could she enter the assembly-rooms, or cross the walks, without being saluted with some lines from The Bastard.

This was perhaps the first time that she ever

discovered a sense of shame, and on this occasion the power of wit was very conspicuous, the weapon with which, without scruple, proclaimed herself an adulteress, and with the most unnatural rigour, endeavoured to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct, but fled, from resentment, though she felt no pain from guilt, and left Savage with the utmost haste, to shelter herself among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the satisfaction of finding, that, though he could not reform his mother, he could punish her, and that he did not always suffer alone.

The sale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmost elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an incontestible proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could justly boast a general reception.

The Bastard, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compassion, so that he was still under the same want of the necessaries of life; and he therefore exerted all the interest which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes, could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Eusden, the place of poet laureat, and prosecuted his application with so much diligence, that the king publicly declared it his intention to bestow it upon him; but such was the fate of Savage, that even the king, when he intended his advantage, was disappointed in his schemes; for the lord chamberlain, who has the disposal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the king's design, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore bestowed the laurel upon Colley Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus disappointed, took a resolution of applying to the *queen*, that, having once given

him life, she would enable him to support it, and therefore published a short poem on her birth day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer Laureat. The event of this essay he has himself related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in The Gentleman's Magazine, whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage succeeded.

"Mr. URBAN,

"In your Magazine for February you published the last Volunteer Laureat, written on a very melancholy occasion, the death of the royal patroness of arts and literature in general, and of the author of that poem in particular; I now send you the first that Mr. Savage wrote under that title.—This gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable interest, being, on the death of Mr. Eusden, disappointed of the laureat's place, wrote the following verses; which were no sooner published, but the late queen sent to a bookseller for them. The author had not at that time a friend either to get him introduced, or his poem presented at court; yet, such was the unspeakable goodness of that princess, that, notwithstanding this act of ceremony was wanting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious message from her majesty, by the lord North and Guilford, to this effect: 'That her majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that she took particularly kind his lines there relating to the king; that he had permission to write annually on the same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her majesty's intention) could be done for him.' *After* this he was permitted to present one of his *annual poems* to her majesty, had the honour of

kissing her hand, and met with the most gracious reception.

Yours, &c."

Such was the performance, and such its reception; a reception, which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous; to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric, showed in the queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred.

Mr. Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was ravished with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised: he considered himself now as a favourite of the queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would establish him in some profitable employment.

He therefore assumed the title of Volunteer Laureat, not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him, that the title of Laureat was a mark of honour conferred by the king, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal propriety style himself a volunteer lord, or volunteer baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was just; but Savage did not think any title, which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber, so honourable, as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title, and received every year the same reward.

He did not appear to consider these encomiums as tests of his abilities, or as any thing more than annual hints to the queen of her promise; or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his pension; and therefore did not la-

bour them with great diligence, or print more tha
fifty each year, except that for some of the las
years he regularly inserted them in The Gentle
man's Magazine, by which they were disperse
over the kingdom.

He wrote indeed with a double intention, whic
supplied him with some variety; for his busine
was, to praise the queen for the favours which h
had received, and to complain to her of the dela
of those which she had promised: in some of hi
pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and i
some discontent; in some he represents himself
happy in her patronage; and, in others, as disco
solate to find himself neglected.

Her promise, like other promises made to th
unfortunate man, was never performed, though h
took sufficient care that it should not be forgotte
The publication of his Volunteer Laureat procure
him no other reward than a regular remittance
fifty pounds.

He was not so depressed by his disappointmen
as to neglect any opportunity that was offered
advancing his interest. When the princess Ann
was married, he wrote a poem upon her departur
only, as he declared, "because it was expecte
from him," and he was not willing to bar his ow
prospects by any appearance of neglect.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be disti
guished; and, when any controversy became pop
lar, he never wanted some reason for engaging i
it with great ardour, and appearing at the head
the party which he had chosen. As he was neve
celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner take
his side, and informed himself of the chief topic
of the dispute, than he took all opportunities
asserting and propagating his principles, withou
much regard to his own interest, or any other vis
d n than that of drawing upon himself th
u of mankind.

The dispute between the bishop of London and the chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation; and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffee-house was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded; and was therefore no friend to the bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle; for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thomson, who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest in the question, which, however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him, The Progress of a Divine; in which he conducts a profligate priest, by all the gradations of wickedness, from a poor curacy in the country to the highest preferments of the church; and describes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diversities of human life, his behaviour in every station; and insinuates, that this priest, thus accomplished, found at last a patron in the bishop of London.

When he was asked, by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the bishop with such an action; he had no more to say than that he had only inverted the accusation; and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he who obstructed the rise of a good man without reason, would for bad reasons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were universally provoked by this satire; and Savage, who, as was his constant prac-

tice, had set his name to his performance, was censured in The Weekly Miscellany with severity, which he did not seem inclined to forget.

But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punishment. The court of king's bench was therefore moved against him; and he was obliged to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged in his defence, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obscene ideas, with the view of exposing them to detestation, and of amending the age by showing the deformity of wickedness. This plea was admitted; and Sir Philip Yorke, who then presided in that court, dismissed the information, with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings. The prosecution, however, answered in some measure the purpose of those by whom it was set on foot; for Mr. Savage was so far intimidated by it, that, when the edition of his poem was sold, he did not venture to reprint it; so that it was in a short time forgotten, or forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said, that some endeavours were used to incense the queen against him; but he found advocates to obviate at least part of their effect: for, though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his pension.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and, as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his memory from reproach, by informing those whom he made his enemies, that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reason to complain of the clergy, he used to threaten them with a new edition of The Progress of a Divine, it was his calm and settled *resolution* to suppress it for ever.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no

certain support but the pension allowed him by the queen, which, though it might have kept an exact economist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but want of money withheld from partaking of every pleasure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the bill, than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintance, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the inquiries that friendship or curiosity could make after him. At length he appeared again, pennyless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been; nor was his retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant practice during the whole time that he received the pension from the queen: he regularly disappeared and returned. He, indeed, affirmed that he retired to study, and that the money supported him in solitude for many months; but his friends declared, that the short time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeness and his wit still raised him friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed; and therefore solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a year. This promise was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promise of a minister to a petitioner, but of a friend to his friend."

Mr. Savage now concluded himself set at ease for ever, and, as he observes in a poem written on that incident of his life, trusted and was trusted;

but soon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promise was not inviolable. He spent a long time in solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the minister some reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own interest by advancing him, for he had taken care to distinguish himself in coffee-houses as an advocate for the ministry of the last years of queen Anne, and was always ready to justify the conduct, and exalt the character, of lord Bolingbroke.

To despair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of some writers whom Mr. Savage did not think superior to himself; and therefore he resolved to address a poem to him.

For this purpose he made choice of a subject which could regard only persons of the highest rank and greatest affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; and, having retired for some time to Richmond, that he might prosecute his design in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleasure, or the solicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being disconcerted, he produced a poem On Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works.

The plan of this poem is very extensive, and comprises a multitude of topics, each of which might furnish matter sufficient for a long performance, and of which some have already employed more eminent writers; but, as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own design, and was writing to obtain a supply of wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he passes negligently over many public works,

which, even in his own opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated.

But, though he may sometimes disappoint his reader by transient touches upon these subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his omissions, by expatiating, in the conclusion of his work, upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more susceptible of embellishments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the passions, than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the ornaments of verse. The settlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, the establishment of those in security whose misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleasing or safe, the acquisition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waste and luxuriant bounties of nature, and the enjoyment of those gifts which Heaven has scattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered, without giving rise to a great number of pleasing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful prospects; and therefore, whatever speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political studies, naturally fixed the attention, and excited the applause, of a poet.

Savage has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing sentiments which this prospect of retirement suggested to him, to censure those crimes which have been generally committed by the discoverers of new regions, and to expose the enormous wickedness of making war upon barbarous nations because they cannot resist, and of invading countries because they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of visiting distant lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to sup-

press that pride which inclines men to imagine th right is the consequence of power.

His description of the various miseries whic force men to seek for refuge in distant countrie affords another instance of his proficiency in the ir portant and extensive study of human life; and tl tenderness with which he recounts them, anoth proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is observable that the close of this poem di covers a change which experience had made in M Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him his youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he d clares his contempt of the contracted views ar narrow prospects of the middle state of life, ar declares his resolution, either to tower like tl cedar, or be trampled like the shrub; but in th poem, though addressed to a prince, he mentio this state of life as comprising those who ougl most to attract reward, those who merit most th confidence of power and the familiarity of grea ness; and, accidentally mentioning this passage t one of his friends, declared, that in his opinion a the virtue of mankind was comprehended in th state.

The poem was inscribed to the prince; but M Savage, having no friend upon whom he could pr vail to present it to him, had no other method attracting his observation than the publication frequent advertisements, and therefore received n reward from his patron, however generous on othe occasions.

This disappointment he never mentioned withou indignation, being by some means or other con dent that the prince was not ignorant of his ac dress to him; and insinuated, that if any advance in popularity could have been made by distinguish i , he had not written without notice, o reward.

was once inclined to have presented his poe

in person, and sent to the printer for a copy with that design; but either his opinion changed, or his resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent neglect without attempting to force himself into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron; for only seventy-two were sold, though the performance was much commended by some, whose judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage easily reconciled himself to mankind, without imputing any defect to his work, by observing that his poem was unluckily published two days after the prorogation of the parliament, and by consequence at a time when all those who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their dismission from public affairs.

It must be however allowed, in justification of the public, that this performance is not the most excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that, though it cannot be denied to contain many striking sentiments, majestic lines, and just observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digested in the plan.

No sooner had he received his pension, than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a short time to his former distress, and for some part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him, when the politeness and variety of his conversation would have been thought a sufficient recompense for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of *meanest and most profligate of the rab*

sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expenses of these receptacles, walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.

In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of The Wanderer, the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be solicited for small sums, which the frequency of the request made in time considerable; and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his necessities; but his rambling manner of life, and constant appearance at houses of public resort, always procured him a new succession of friends, whose kindness had not been exhausted by repeated requests; so that he was seldom absolutely without resources, but had in his utmost exigencies this comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy relief.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his merit and distresses, that they received him into their families, but they soon discovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for, being always accustomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himself to any stated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his conversation till mid-

night, without considering that business might require his friend's application in the morning; and, when he had persuaded himself to retire to bed, was not without equal difficulty called up to dinner; it was therefore impossible to pay him any distinction without the entire subversion of all economy, a kind of establishment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by asserting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating those with contempt whom better fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great number of enemies in the different classes of mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the advantages of riches, hated him because they found no protection from the petulance of his wit. Those who were esteemed for their writings feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival; and almost all the smaller wits were his professed enemies.

Among these Mr. Miller so far indulged his resentment as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be personated on the stage, in a dress like that which he then wore; a mean insult, which only insinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented.

The great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that, as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion *in questions of* criticism was no longer re-

garded, when his coat was out of fashion; and that those who, in the interval of his prosperity, were always encouraging him to great undertakings by encomiums on his genius and assurances of success, now received any mention of his designs with coldness, thought that the subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult, and were ready to inform him, that the event of a poem was uncertain, that an author ought to employ much time in the consideration of his plan, and not presume to sit down to write in confidence of a few cursory ideas, and a superficial knowledge; difficulties were started on all sides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but The Volunteer Laureat.

While he was wearing out his life in expectation that the queen would some time recollect her promise, he had recourse to the usual practice of writers, and published proposals for printing his works by subscription, to which he was encouraged by the success of many who had not a better right to to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reason, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him.

Savage's applications were, however, not universally unsuccessful; for some of the nobility countenanced his design, encouraged his proposals, and subscribed with great liberality. He related of the duke of Chandos particularly, that, upon receiving his proposals, he sent him ten guineas.

But the money which his subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other schemes; whenever a subscription was paid him, he went to a tavern; and as money so collected is necessarily received in small sums, he never was able to send his poems to the press, but for many years continued his solicitation, and squandered whatever he obtained.

Thus he spent his time in mean expedients and tormenting suspense, living for the greatest part in fear of prosecutions from his creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure parts of the town, of which he was no stranger to the remotest corners. But wherever he came, his address secured him friends, whom his necessities soon alienated; so that he had, perhaps, a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being scarcely any person eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whose character he was not in some degree able to delineate.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure, by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden misfortune had just fallen upon him; and even then in a few moments he would disentangle himself from his perplexity, adopt the subject of conversation, and apply his mind wholly to the objects that others presented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered, in 1738, with new calamities. The death of the queen deprived him of all the prospects of preferment with which he so long entertained his imagination; and as sir Robert Walpole had before given him reason to believe that he never intended the performance of his promise, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was, however, at that time, supported by a friend; and as it was not his custom to look out for distant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itself upon his senses, he was not much afflicted at his loss, and perhaps comforted

himself that his pension would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewise to support him; he had taken a resolution to write a second tragedy upon the story of sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preserved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents; and introduced new characters; so that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

In the execution of this scheme, however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other amusement: but he pleased himself with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the death of his patroness.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the measures proper to secure the continuance of his pension, though some of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year, he gave a proof of the solidity of his judgment, and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it without treading in the footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the herd of encomiasts, to find out some new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult task he performed in such a manner, that his poem may be justly ranked among the best pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have *thought* it very difficult to connect in one view, but *which he* has united in such a manner, that the re-

›n between them appears natural; and it may ustly said, that what no other man would have ıght on, it now appears scarcely possible for man to miss.

he beauty of this peculiar combination of ima- is. so masterly, that it is sufficient to set this m above censure; and therefore it is not ne- ary to mention many other delicate touches ch may be found in it, and which would deser- ly be admired in any other performance

/ith regard to the success of this address, he for some time in suspence, but was in no great ree solicitous about it; and continued his labour n his new tragedy with great tranquillity, till friend, who had for a considerable time support- iim, removing his family to another place, took ısion to dismiss him. It then became necessary ıquire more diligently what was determined in ıffair, having reason to suspect that no great ıur was intended him, because he had not re- 'ed his pension at the usual time.

is said, that he did not take those methods of ieving his interest, which were most likely to :eed; and some of those who were employed he exchequer cautioned him against too much ence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage, who om regulated his conduct by the advice of others, : way to his passion, and demanded of sir Robert pole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction was made between him and the other pensio- ı of the queen, with a degree of roughness :h perhaps determined him to withdraw what been only delayed.

'hatever was the crime of which he was ac- :d or suspected, and whatever influence was loyed against him, he received soon after an ıunt that took from him all hopes of regaining ›ension; and he had now no prospect of sub-

sistence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends therefore thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern "for the miserable withdrawing of his pension;" and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence, "without any dependence on those little creatures which we are pleased to call the great."

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by a subscription, on which he was to live privately, in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity, which their scheme offered him, of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other works for the press, and then return to London, to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

While this scheme was ripening, his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors; and sent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly spent before the next morning, and trusted, after his usual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the miseries of dependence. Those by whom he was to be supported began to prescribe to him with an air of au-

rity, which he knew not how decently to resent, · patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, n the conduct of most of his subscribers, that was yet in the hands of "little creatures."

Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer he e many instances, of which none appeared to e his indignation to a greater height, than the thod which was taken of furnishing him with thes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing to send a tailor his orders for what they thought per to allow him, they proposed to send for a or to take his measure, and then to consult how y should equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it h as Savage's humanity would have suggested to on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved ntion, had it not, by affecting him in an uncom- n degree, shown the peculiarity of his charac- . Upon hearing the design that was formed, he e to the lodging of a friend with the most vio- t agonies of rage; and, being asked what it ld be that gave him such disturbance, he replied, h the utmost vehemence of indignation, "that y had sent for a tailor to measure him."

How the affair ended was never inquired, for of renewing his uneasiness. It is probable t, upon recollection, he submitted with a good ce to what he could not avoid, and that he dis- ered no resentment where he had no power.

After many alterations and delays, a subscription at length raised, which did not amount to fifty nds a year, though twenty were paid by one tleman;* such was the generosity of mankind, t what had been done by a player without soli- tion, could not now be effected by application interest; and Savage had a great number to rt and to obey, for a pension less than that ich Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any vilities.

* Mr. Pope. *R.*

Mr. Savage, however, was satisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality; for nothing was in his opinion more contemptible than a man, who, when he knew his income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed, that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of these salutary resolutions, he left London in July 1739, having taken leave with great tenderness of his friends, and parted from the author of this narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furnished with fifteen guineas, and informed that they would be sufficient, not only for the expense of his journey, but for his support in Wales for some time; and that there remained but little more of the first collection. He promised a strict adherence to his maxims of parsimony, and went away in the stage coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him till he informed them of his arrival at Swansea.

But, when they least expected, arrived a letter, dated the fourteenth day after his departure, in which he sent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then sent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Bristol, from whence he was to go to Swansea by water.

At Bristol he found an embargo laid upon the shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some time, he with his usual felicity ingratiated himself with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houses, distinguished at *their* public feasts, and treated with a regard that

gratified his vanity, and therefore easily engaged his affection.

He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a year, which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year, very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country, among whom he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones, by some verses which he inserted in The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London; and was desirous of coming to town, to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed; and he was advised, by his chief benefactor, to put it into the hands of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those, to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be "no longer kept in leading strings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty, who proposed to pension him out of the profits of his own labours."

He attempted in Wales to promote a subscrip-

* Reprinted in the present Collection.

tion for his works, and had once hopes of success; but in a short time afterwards formed a resolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined, for the gratification of those who, having promised him a liberal income, had no sooner banished him to a remote corner, than they reduced his allowance to a salary scarcely equal to the necessities of life.

He endeavoured to release himself, and, with an intent to return to London, went to Bristol, where a repetition of the kindness which he had formerly found invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such proofs of kindness were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day less; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generosity was exhausted and officiousness wearied.

Another part of his misconduct was the practice of prolonging his visits to unseasonable hours, and disconcerting all the families into which he was admitted.

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curiosity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreasi[illegible] perhaps without suspecting for what reason th[illegible] [illegible]luct was altered; for he still continued to l[illegible], with his nocturnal intrusions, those that yet [illegible]ntenanced him, and admitted him to their houses.

But he did not spend all the time of his residence at Bristol in visits or at taverns; for he sometimes *returned* to his studies, and began several consider*ble designs*. When he felt an inclin[illegible] to write, *always* retired from the knowle[illegible] [illegible] his friends,

hid in an obscure part of the suburbs, till he
imself again desirous of company, to which
:ly that intervals of absence made him more
e.
as always full of his design of returning to
to bring his tragedy upon the stage; but,
neglected to depart with the money that
ed for him, he could not afterwards procure
sufficient to defray the expenses of his
; nor perhaps would a fresh supply have
other effect, than, by putting immediate
:s into his power, to have driven the
s of his journey out of his mind.
e he was thus spending the day in contriv-
heme for the morrow, distress stole upon
imperceptible degrees. His conduct had
wearied some of those who were at first en-
d of his conversation; but he might, per-
ill have devolved to others, whom he might
ıtertained with equal success, had not the
f his clothes made it no longer consistent
eir vanity to admit him to their tables, or to
e with him in public places. He now began
every man from home at whose house he
and was therefore no longer able to procure
essaries of life, but wandered about the
lighted and neglected, in quest of a dinner,
ıe did not always obtain.
omplete his misery, he was pursued by the
for small debts which he had contracted;
s therefore obliged to withdraw from the
ıumber of friends from whom he had still
to hope for favours. His custom was, to lie
the greatest part of the day, and to go out
dark with the utmost privacy, and after
paid his visit, return again before morning
odging, which was the garret of an obscure

g thus excluded on one hand, and confined
other, he suffered the utmost extremities of

poverty, and often fasted so long that he was seize with faintness, and had lost his appetite, not bein able to bear the smell of meat, till the action of h stomach was restored by a cordial.

In this distress, he received a remittance of fi pounds from London, with which he provided hir self a decent coat, and determined to go to Londo but unhappily spent his money at a favourite taver Thus was he again confined to Bristol, where h was every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigen he once more found a friend, who sheltered him his house, though at the usual inconveniences wi which his company was attended; for he coul neither be persuaded to go to bed in the night, n to rise in the day.

He had now no longer any hopes of assistan from his friends at Bristol, who as merchants, ar by consequence sufficiently studious of profit, ca not be supposed to have looked with much compa sion upon negligence and extravagance, or to thir any excellence equivalent to a fault of such co sequence as neglect of economy.

At last he quitted the house of his friend, an returned to his lodging at the inn, still intending t set out in a few days for London; but on the 10t of January, 1742–3, having been at supper wit two of his friends, he was at his return to his lod ing arrested for a debt of about eight pound which he owed at a coffee-house, and conducted t the house of a sheriff's officer.

He continued five days at the officer's, in hope that he should be able to procure bail, and avoi the necessity of going to prison.

When his friends, who had hitherto caressed an applauded, found that to give bail and pay the deb was the same, they all refused to preserve hi from a prison at the expense of eight pounds; an therefore, after having been for some time at th r's house, "at an immense expense," as h

ıerves in his letter, he was at length removed to wgate.

This expense he was enabled to support by the ıerosity of Mr. Nash at Bath, who, upon reving from him an account of his condition, imdiately sent him five guineas, and promised to ›mote his subscription at Bath with all his incst.

By his removal to Newgate, he obtained at least eedom from suspense, and rest from the disturb- vicissitudes of hope and disappointment: he w found that his friends were only companions, o were willing to share his gaiety, but not to take of his misfortunes; and therefore he no ger expected any assistance from them.

t must, however, be observed of one gentleman, t he offered to release him by paying the debt; : that Mr. Savage would not consent, I suppose, cause he thought he had before been too burnsome to him.

The cheerfulness with which he bore his conement appears from the following letter, which wrote, January the 30th, to one of his friends in ndon.

'I now write to you from my confinement in wgate, where I have been ever since Monday last s se'nnight, and where I enjoy myself with much re tranquillity than I have known for upwards of welvemonth past; having a room entirely to myf, and pursuing the amusement of my poetical dies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. hank the Almighty, I am now all collected in self; and, though my person is in confinement, mind can expatiate on ample and useful subts with all the freedom imaginable. I am now re conversant with the Nine than ever, and instead of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to a bird of the Muses, I assure you, sir, I sing y freely in my cage; sometimes indeed in the

plaintive notes of the nightingale; but at other the cheerful strains of the lark."

In another letter he observes, that he ranges f one subject to another, without confining him to any particular task; and that he was employ one week upon one attempt, and the next upon other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of prison, with great humanity; was supported him at his own table, without any certainty of compense; had a room to himself, to which could at any time retire from all disturbance; allowed to stand at the door of the prison, sometimes taken out into the fields: so that he fered fewer hardships in prison than he had l accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence gentle execution of his office, but made some tures to the creditor for his release, though w effect; and continued, during the whole ti his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmo derness and civility.

Mr. Savage very frequently received vis sometimes presents, from his acquaintanc they did not amount to a subsistence, for the part of which he was indebted to the gene this keeper; but these favours, h endear to him the particular r received them, were very fa his mind any advantageous Bristol, an re he thou properly nself in a poem, n and Whe ht thi

* The

rate, which, without considering the chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his design, and informed his friend, that he was determined to print it with his name; but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Bristol acquaintance.

Such was his imprudence, and such his obstinate adherence to his own resolutions, however absurd! A prisoner! supported by charity! and, whatever insults he might have received during the latter part of his stay at Bristol, once caressed, esteemed and presented with a liberal collection, he could, forget on a sudden his danger and his obligations, to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerness of his resentment, and publish a satire, by which he might reasonably expect that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape.

This performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting assistance from several great persons; and one interruption succeeding another, hindered him from supplying the chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the lines are rather inserted to rhyme [illegible] others, than to support or improve the sense; [illegible] first and last parts are worked up with [illegible]t and elegance.

[illegible] ceased from corresponding with any [illegible] except one, who yet continued [illegible]wenty pounds a-year which he [illegible]hy whom it was expected [illegible]n a very short time en-[illegible]ed the keeper to in-

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The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, though without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents, from his acquaintances; but they did not amount to a subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this keeper; but these favours, however they might endear to him the particular persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Bristol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in prison, than in writing a poem, called London and Bristol delineated.*

When he had brought this poem to its present

* The author preferred this title to that of London and Bristol *compared*; which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.—*Dr. J.*

state, which, without considering the chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his design, and informed his friend, that he was determined to print it with his name; but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Bristol acquaintance.

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He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a-year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very short time enlarged, because he had directed the keeper to inquire after the state of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor

might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner, and, when on that occasion he appeared in the hall, was treated with very unusual respect.

But the resentment of the city was afterwards raised by some accounts that had been spread of the satire; and he was informed that some of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a prisoner at their own expense. This he treated as an empty menace; and perhaps might have hastened the publication only to show how much he was superior to their insults, had not all his schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six months in prison, he received from one of his friends, in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance he chiefly depended, a letter, that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Henley, in one of his advertisements, had mentioned "Pope's treatment of Savage." This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was therefore mentioned by him with much resentment. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage, seeing him at his bed-side, said, with an uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, sir;"

but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner; and, finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him; and the next morning he died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expense of the keeper.

Such was the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices; and at once remarkable for his weakness and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mein, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others, in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity, that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture;

and amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houses the same proficiency as others in their closets: and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune: when he left his company, he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could; and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, (and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him) he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was therefore of little value; for, though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour

or gratitude; and would betray those secrets which in the warmth of confidence had been imparted to him.

As an author, and he now ceases to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had resolved to suppress be excepted, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his works are the productions of a genius truly poetical; and, what many writers who have been more lavishly applauded cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer; that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success, because what was nature in Savage would in another be affectation. It must be confessed, that his descriptions are striking, his images animated, his fictions justly imagined, and his allegories artfully pursued; that his diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his numbers sonorous and majestic, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his style, the general fault is harshness, and its general excellence is dignity; of his sentiments, the prevailing beauty is simplicity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

THE

WANDERER:

A VISION:

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit.
VIRG.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlow, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise:
Yet, though unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;

To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul;
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st with a creative skill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou show'st a mind serene;
Where kind content from noise and courts retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd, whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.
The solar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
Just where, with ice, Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all the' inverted year.
When frost and fire with martial powers engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by desolation own'd,
'Tigh on an alp of ice he sits enthron'd!

One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And sceptre'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns:
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robes snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And, stretching eastward, half the world secures,
Defies discovery, and like time endures!
Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
The' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!

Hence commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays:
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays;
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incav'd secure the' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains, on the coast, the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and, brightening, hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave
Though lash'd by storms, with naval pride o'er
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their not
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.
Now veers the wind full east; and keen, an
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—a puff, thus bl
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy gr
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize;
ft kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ea

Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unassuag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies the' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it [glides!
Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides!
Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
  Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown, for walks are seen
Grey, leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted misletoe, the white, bestows!
Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots;
These boughs the silenc'd, shivering songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
  Beneath appears a place, all outward, bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.
  Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind!
She has. Approach'd appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And, hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
A death-like chilness thwarts my panting breast,
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confest!

Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent:
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion in his eye, surveys my grief,
And, in his voice, invites me to relief:
'Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget—each portal I possess,
Duty wide opens to receive distress.'
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts: each forming a perspective scene
In front a parlour meets my entering view,
Opposed, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expire
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine:
And savoury cates, upon clean embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.
The Hermit thus: 'Thou wonder'st at thy fare
On me yon city kind bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill life, her charities produce:

Accept without reward; unask'd twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
Well sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distrest.'
He paus'd.—Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd:
'I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
Of England I—To me the British state
Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here stand we conscious:—diffidence suspend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
To grots, where contemplation smiles serene,
Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices rise?
Catch the wrapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
This cave—yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot industry completely raise?
Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
By industry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the sword to smite, he sheathes the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shows the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increase,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.

He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the sterile void;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics stand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound,
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as pleasure's seat he shows!
Their marts, sports, councils are for action sought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!—if further we explore,
Let industry deserve applause the more.
No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.
Mark!—here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!—gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture swell the watry sound;
And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—new scenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite reflection's sweet and solemn hour.[1]

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
'These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys.
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What Heav'n inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
What Young, satiric and sublime, has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
To virtue and the Muse for ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue that praises merit praises thee.'
'These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those who once prais'd, now, undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some nobler bard their worth unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shows the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?

Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvied had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.'
'Let envy (he replied) all ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the brave and wise:
Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
And, Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his Muse.
O Pope! since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since she pursues alone the wise and great;
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee;
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene.)
Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blo
And wandering mists roll, blackening, far belo
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.'
Thus I:—'From what dire cause can envy spri
Or why embosom we a viper's sting?'
''Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)
Why choose we miseries? Most derive their bir
From one bad source—we dread superior wortl

Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
Whence springs the misery pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: by wisdom's pow'r,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo! I meet wrong: perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, per chance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noontide course forbear?
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.'

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane and wise he shows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows. [pears;
Youth, though depress'd, through all his fo
Through all his sentiments, the depth of years.

Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, a
Back from the God, a showery radiance fall.
Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!
'Here waterfalls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!
This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!'
He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends to' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening heaven upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies,
In the fond pelican is love exprest,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—In wild despair,
The hermit cries—'So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys!'
Again soft tears upon his eyelid hung,
Again check'd sounds died, fluttering, on his tongue.

Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well e'en silence tells the storied woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
  Next on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by the' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;
Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
  'Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, to' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!—my heaven at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir!
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
The' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine?
That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all,
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?

Ah!—What are these, which e'en the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!
'Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!
"Olympia!—My Olympia's lost!" I cry.
"Olympia's lost!" the hollow vaults reply.
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they sweep!
The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!
'Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress't,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of Spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts, and secret terrors dwell;
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!

Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here first Credulity on Reason won!
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!
'Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancied echoes wound the' affrighted ear!
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound!
And, all-obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling, in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
'Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day. [away,
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones; those thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.
'Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiplied, that group of woes.
This endless foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;

She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, though slumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the sun, and curses every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance! again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
"From me, (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort [claim,
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here every object proffers grief a cure." [shoot!
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening
"Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sovereign root!
Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, possess a watry grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from misery frees;"
She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!—calm thoughts the deed re-
volve,
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!

I come, Olympia;—My rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breast the threatening point descends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings
play!
When, lo! a voice resounds—"Arise! away!
Away! nor murmur at the' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines:
By woe, the soul to daring actions swells;
By woe, in paintless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress."
'The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice—
"Would'st thou be happy! Straight be death thy
choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain;
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain?
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress:
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever blest!"
'Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
"Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore!

There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!"
'I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—He rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire! His scales, bedropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! Such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast!
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath the' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss, the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk slow-loosens every fold,
Lingers in life; then stretches stiff, and cold;
Just as the' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends;
I hail this omen! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.
'Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incense on my altar smoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke!
She hears!—She comes!—My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia sparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears!
Each roseate look a quickening transport wears!

A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests;
Unzon'd, the swelling beauty of her breasts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids the' embrace)
"Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou swim'st before my view!"
Dipt in ethereal dews, her bough divine [shine:
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthened, bear the
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
"Oh, fly not!—fade not! listen to Love's call;
She lives!—no more I'm man!—I'm spirit all!
Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me
whole!
Oh, close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul!
Twice round her waist my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—"Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge, what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me with despair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus"—"Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling; and, in her smile, soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;

For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly
dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In Music's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire."
She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
The' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But, lo! the' unbodied vision fleets away!—
—"Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay—for thee my memory learns to smart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay,
From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah! let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!"
Alas!—she's fled!—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.

Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed:
Sighs choke my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's:—but, through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor!
The roof swift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat.
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But, from my frailty, it receives a stain.
I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays.
Where coronets and crowns, attractive blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love:
She tells me "Truth prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul!

Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way;
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!'—He ended!—I replied:
'O Hermit! thou art worth severely tried!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on the' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.'

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows,
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: 'Behold the light's decay;
Back to yon city let me point thy way:
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watry radiance shed, [head:
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountains'

To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. '[way;
'Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep her crimson orb now shines:
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen; her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams;
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare!
See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines her broken lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.
'Now silver turn her beams!—Yon den they gain;
The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
O dire presage! But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
How men, and spirits, chase the night away!
Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds adventrous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.

There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.'
Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate rise;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.'
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
'Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe, or harp!—and next they stand,
Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.
'Hark!—the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery. calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light claps its wings!—It views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite; [air;
The plume high-wrought, that blackening nods in
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn pray'r;
The decent tomb; the verse, that sorrow gives,
Where to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.

'Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross ether swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires;
In fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise,
To them wild omens, science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd, and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
Till now the transient glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens mid involving frost!
Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on the' etherial plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new, illustrious star!'
The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk;—the city near in view!
'Here from still life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!

But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O lust? Short blessings, bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
Perhaps some babe, to dire diseases born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal?
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snaky venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam,
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers'—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight, with a falling tear, the speech he clos'd.
That tenderness which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to general views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

'Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly;
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time, destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

'O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first-rank'd, were sure design'd the great!
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.
'The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
'Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrap'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction low'r!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:

And straight beneath a summon'd, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
'While here dark Villany herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient Bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
"My Muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!

So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress."
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpitied in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!

'O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

'But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like, he passes through the crowd,
Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert to avarice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,!
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust Derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.

'Yet, suffering Worth! thy fortitude will shine;
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!

Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distrest,
Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey;
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commission'd now, the falsehood he reveals,
To justice soon the' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by this wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.
'But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
Since mystic heav'n gives misery oft to bless?
Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

Heav'n sees, and makes the imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear:
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

'From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.

'The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.

'Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour:
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares:
Shows the yet-spouting wound, the' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;

The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.
'These spirits, treason of its pow'r divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch, in vision sweet, the dying friend.
'But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks the' enchanter's spell!
And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haste! I fly—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming woman, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!
Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lustres o'er her cheeks!
Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.'
He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

Still o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
  Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws:
From vernal heat pale Winter, forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye;
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding Spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks, contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slippery paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale-glimmering, like a moon that wanes,
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks! vast floating mountains beat the shore;
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near, the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs through the vast profound,

Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar alp to frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men! unsocial those!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
Now he recounts vast conquests lost, and won,
And taleful in the' embrace of frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay:
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.

The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe sweet; and strew her opening way with flow'rs.
The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return, with plenteous fare:
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along the' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind?
Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine:
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white;
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.

If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outstrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quick'ning eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative power his presence brings?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist:
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
To' unlock his fence, the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And, ere forth-driv'n, recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain defied,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.
  Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey;
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day:
He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.
  The watry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.
  Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aspires!
The juices wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;

Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair:
She milks the flocks, then, listening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small, vaulted labyrinths, in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.
The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, the' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image, human kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.
O, Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;

Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?
The sun shines broken through yon arch, that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of those forbode,
Which, nodding, just upheave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aërial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er freeborn states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant,
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep it flies with torrent force,
Flashes, and roars, and ploughs a devious course.
Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat.
Heat never enters here; but coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watry veins.
Secluded now I trace the' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;

Through days, months, years, through time's whole course I run,
And present stand, where time itself begun.
Ye mighty dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings;
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on the' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.
Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn:
Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrows strains,
When Singer* for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.
But hark! a sudden power attunes the air!
The' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;

* Miss Elizabeth Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, wrote an affectionate Elegy on the death of her husband, whom she termed Alexis.

Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks
prolong.
I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd;
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame:
Full-orb'd it shone, and dim'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood! amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?—
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd a mortal form survey,
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—'All hail! (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise:
The vanish'd meteor was Heaven's message, meant
To warn thee hence: I know the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd;
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heav'n-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling
shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end!
She, only she, can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.'

CANTO V.

We left the cave: 'Be Fear (said I) defied!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.'
By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion, bends:
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy show'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watry racer, snatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups, beneath, far-striking colours glance,
Bright as the' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source:
Through her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dim'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;

Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks;—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.
Each liveried cloud, that round the' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r.
Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat-polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy, next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All-starr'd with gems: a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes,
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight,
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bad creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.

Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia,* seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her, Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse.
The Muse!—she comes!—refin'd the passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air:
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
Enamour'd round her press the' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.
  Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind:
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
  My hermit thus: 'She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!'
  Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove
cooes,
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.
But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once in discord drown'd.
From yon dark cypress croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd:
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsied head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
But, passing, knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance con-
sum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars reascend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.

When I view greatness, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did Heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies:
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then turning, with a smile of pity, say:
'Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When godlike souls endure a mean restraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great.
And though depress'd, superior to their fate,
Minions in power, and misers, mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid;
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In power we savage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Lybia raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed;

No sheltry trees invite the Wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds, no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.'
My Hermit thus: 'I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle, through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Lybia thou nam'st—Yet Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here, when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.

Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn:
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or should we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled flow'r;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave:

Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play;
But industry prepares them oft, to please
The guilty pride of vain luxuriant ease.
  Now frequent, dusty gales, offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift, near down the' ethereal steep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint the' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.
  Yon crooked, sunny roads, change rising views
From brown to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, yok'd teams, steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke, along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges, mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view.
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees, rich with gums and fruits; with jewels, rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;

Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
And thickset hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The Muse preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands,
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dim'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.
The Hermit thus:—'In him the Bard behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The Bard, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—Where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,

Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief denied.'
But thus the Bard:—'Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—these! ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim, your pity; but my lot, your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem'd their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray,
In the low-purpos'd, loud, polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heavenly truths profane?
Never—and yet, when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloth'd me naked, or, when hungry, fed?
Why crush'd the living? why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause!
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mouldering tomb! be mine the lay
Immortal!'—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Though words like these, unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;

To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan, oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wandering, from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow;
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.
Oft, as when man, in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd;
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience that softens every sad extreme,
That casts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam;
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king;
'Gainst want, a sourer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees the ingratitude of friends.
Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When watry structures, seen cross heav'n to' ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide:
She sees good angels genial showers bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: he views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;

There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequall'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
Along the grove, in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue that robes the sky;
And indigo, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd, variegated lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft through these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Beheld a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show;
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays,
Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise;
Though one bad age such poesy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:

Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant, pattering rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad ethereal plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces, from our view decay.
Beyond yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast pursued by shades of night.
Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recal
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds, up-flew;
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise;
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar; accus'd, accuse; revil'd, revile;
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear:
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.
Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave!

Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd;
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons, judgment's rod prove
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands invol
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flie
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-swelling tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the grou
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he die
Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with f
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst alas, his doom!—What friend replie
Each speaks with shaking head, and downcast ey
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear:
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear:
But what kind friendship part reserves unknow
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough, struck through and through, in gha
stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams
That past—collected in himself he seems,

And with forc'd smiles retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
  If with himself at variance, ever-wild,
With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
  At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down the unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display;
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?—He strains to seize the prize;
Quick, from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—'And must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep!'
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—unkind,
The dungeon glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide flying portals seem, unhing'd, to fall;
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.
  His genius flies—reflects he now on pray'r?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?

Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he strikes—May Heaven the deed
give!
Why had he thus false spirit to rebel!
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were *his* success, how terrible the blow?
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life misspent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resou
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies—warn'd let the wicked g
Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in pe
Whose spire fast-lessens, as the shades increase
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renow
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of power through him the public g
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In power vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by the' ungenerous flam
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive ros
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despi
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wi
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.

His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts which virtue might have rank'd with fame.
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye how charming must he shine?
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius, bear in heart.
Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desperate spirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east, whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd;
'Behold a man, like one of us!' they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Avarice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pitied still, and still redress'd,

Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er,
And virtue and content were then no more.
  But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits saint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.
  He seeks in Heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain,
His guardian angel swift descends again;
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
—'Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?

No!—from her clearer sight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail, then ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,—ay, far indeed!
Like me have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind;
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick as a friend would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience who first taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless, lies:
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?—It shocks, it murders rest!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom-strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly—I tear you from my heart.

'Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er con-
In my last hour compose, support my soul! [trol,

See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me, to eternal day!'
  With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.
  Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.
  Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents strike the scaly train:
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
  While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast:
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.
  Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful love.
Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd:

But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
Resists what kind seraphic sounds instil,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
No friendly stars directive beams display.
But, lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze,
I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
'Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah, no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—my destin'd end
Near, and more near—nay, every fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night;
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping murmuring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd.

But clos'd not long—methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood:
Rapt'rous I started up, to clasp the shade,
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chilness o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now sent a far imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd:
Still farther off she call'd—with soft surprise
I turn'd—but void of strength and aid to rise;
Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my struggling soul unburden'd flew,
Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died!'
He said:—the' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart:
'Art thou not mortal then?'(I cried) But, lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air,
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme:
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mein divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand listning round:
Thus he:—'As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!

Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With different lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in every view.
My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way;
As far transcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
In voice and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms;
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons, and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The Seraph-Bard, in highest order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
Great smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our second hymeneals sung:

Still as we pass'd, the bright celestial throng
Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.
'Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
I come an angel to the Muse and thee.
These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wou'dst peace attain, my words attend,
The last fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a seraph that to Heav'n aspires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid celestial choirs;
But should no cares a mortal state molest,
Life were a state of ignorance at best.
'Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
Justly to know thyself peruse mankind;
To know thy God, paint Nature on thy mind;
Without such science of the worldly scene,
What is retirement?—empty pride or spleen;
But with it—wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On Nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal:
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falsehood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;

And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.'
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

THE

BASTARD:

A POEM.

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO

MRS. BRETT,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam.

OV. MET.

PREFACE.

The reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a

Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my *Sovereign*.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint.—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe: for being a spot of earth to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows: and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness, to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining. Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy life; by the want of them, I am taught this nobler lesson—to study how to deserve *it*.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

BASTARD.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
'Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways
He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stampt in nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His firstborn lights, no prejudice confounds;
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
'Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.

'O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
'What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of the husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
'Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.'
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose, and to act, were one;

Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
  O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!
  Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd—or thou had'st died.
  Far be the guilt of home-shed blood, from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late;
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one day
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame:
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd:
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—no Mother's c
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm
I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admir

THE

PROGRESS OF A DIVINE:

A SATIRE.

All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folk, some bad, some good.
What's vice or virtue, sure admits no doubt;
Then clergy, with church mission, or without,
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater shame.
Mark how a country curate once could rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise!
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not:
A servitor he was—'Of hall, or college?
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.
Four years, through foggy ale, yet made him see
Just his neck-verse to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added sleeves, he now may wear;
While his round cap transforms into a square,
Him, quite unsconc'd, the buttery book shall own;
At prayers, though ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
He gains a cassock, beaver, and a rose.
A curate now, his furniture review!
A few old sermons, and a bottle-screw.
'A curate?—Where? His name (cries one) recite!
Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight?'

Why, our's loves pudding—'Does he so?—'tis
A servitor!'—Sure Curl will find a key.
His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes;
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;
Doctor! (quoth they)—and, lo! a scarf he bes
A swelling, ruffling, glossy scarf! yet he,
By peer unqualified, as by degree.
This curate learns church-dues, and law to t
When time shall serve, for tithes and surplice-
When 'scapes some portion'd girl from guard
pow'r,
He the snug licence gets for nuptual hour;
And rendering vain her parent's prudent care
To sharper weds her, and with sharper shares
Let babes of poverty convulsive lie;
No bottle waits, though babes unsprinkled die
Half-office serves the funeral, if it bring
No hope of scarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair desponding lie,
With scrupulous conscience, though she know
why?
Would cordial counsel make the patient well?
Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.
His cant some orphan's piteous case shall brin
He bids her give the widow's heart to sing:
He pleads for age in want; and, while she ling
Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers
Now in the patron's mansion see the wight,
Factious for power—a son of Levy right!
Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mein,
As Codex to inferior clergy seen.
He flatters till you blush; but, when withdraw
'Tis his to slander, as 'twas his to fawn.

He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise;
And from such mischief thus can plead desert—
'Tis all my patron's interest at my heart.
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.
  At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this Apostle, for a daintier dish,
With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen, what the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar, with the butler, brother sot;
Here too he corks, in brewhouse hops the beer;
Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear;
Dextrous to pack; yet at all cheats exclaiming;
The priest has avarice; avarice, itch of gaming;
And gaming, fraud:—but fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now!—but oh, if gammon'd there,
The startling echoes learn, like him, to swear!
Though ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,
To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
Voters, to make the 'squire's election sure: [bawl,
For this, where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod justice some horse-laugh would raise,
Foremost, the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
To say, or unsay, at his patron's nod;
To do the will of all—save that of God.
  His interest the most servile part he deems;
Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;

He sways his patron, rules the lady most,
And, as he rules the lady, rules the roast.
Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd; or, as his power increases,
Unless they fine to him, renew no leases:
Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.
Luxury he loves; but like a priest of sense,
Ev'n luxury loves not at his own expence:
Though harlot passions wanton with his will,
Yet avarice is his wedded passion still.
See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
While the rich grease hangs glistening on his chin;
Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment-hem soft-trickling shines!
Riches, love, power, his passions then we own:
Can he court power, and pant not for renown?
Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name:
Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heaven the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)
The ways of earth, he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;
He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumbrous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.
Ye hooting boys, 'Oh, well-play'd parson!' cry;
'Oh, well-play'd parson!' hooting vales reply!
Winds waft it to cathedral domes around!
Cathedral domes from inmost choirs resound!
The man has many meritorious ways:
He'll smoke his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
His public prayers, his oaths, for George declare;
Yet *mental* reservation may forswear;

For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
Hiccups, and, staggering, cries——'King Jemmy's health.'
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.
He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author saith;
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Those, who a jot from mother-church recede,
He damns, like any Athanasian creed.
He rails at Hoadley; so can zeal possess him,
He's orthodox, as Gibson's self—God bless him.
Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,
Sweeps off the incumbent now of fat-goose living.
He seeks his patron's Lady, finds the fair,
And for her interest first prefers his prayer—
'You pose me not (said she) though hard the task;
Though husbands seldom give what wives will ask.
My dearee does not yet to think incline,
How oft your nest you feather, priest, from mine.
This pin-money, though short, has not betrayd;
Nor jewels pawn'd nor tradesmen's bills unpaid;
Mine is the female, fashionable skill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor sins my priest demurer than his prude.
Least thinks my Lord, you plant the secret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.
Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unquestion'd—where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?'

I gave you power, the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My interest, wealth—for these alone you burn;
With these you leave me, and with these return:
Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;
The sick to visit—some miles off to preach:
—You come not, but to suck one like a leech.'
Thus, lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.
She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind:
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.
He leaves her! to his patron warm applies:—
'But, parson, mark the terms! (his patron cries)
Yon door you held for me, and handmaid Nell:
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjecture:
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture:
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife.
And fat-goose living then is yours for life!
Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child.
Smock simony agreed—Thus curate rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise.
Vicars (poor wights!) for lost impropriation,
Rue, though good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from curate, see our soul's protector
No murmuring vicar, but rejoicing rector;
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own!
His patron can't revoke, but may repent:
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will!)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.

Vestries he rules—ye lawyers, hither draw!
He snacks—his people deep are plung'd in law!
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining, foundling brat.
Now with churchwardens cribs the reverend thief,
From workhouse-pittance and collection brief;
Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.
Poor folks he'll shun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch—to slide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul he fits for realms divine.
Why could not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, ere yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chemist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware.
Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.
Cheap he collects—his friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.
Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear;
His ale he traffics for a nobler cheer,
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds; others (ven'son-thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve!
No—though with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers—his books
Swell in accompts with poulterers and with cooks,

Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.
His servants—hard has fate their lot decreed!
They toil like horses, like cameleons feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.
Him long, nor faithful services engage;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age!
His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread.
If decent powder deck the' adjusted hair;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone;
(Faults, though from thence her dowry, now hi
own)—
'Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing but a harlot's lure.
Sackcloth alone your sin should, penanc'd, wea
Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled, st
Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,
"Tis mine, my viands, and your soul to save.
Blood must be drawn, not swell'd—then strip,
dread
This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head
Be yours the blubbering lip, and whimpering
Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes sup
What, squall you? Call no kindred to your
You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
Did *law Mosaic now in force remain,
Say to what father durst you then complain
What had your virtue witness'd? Well I k
No bridal sheets could virgin tokens show

* For a particular account of this law, we refer to my, chap. xxii. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

Elders had sought, but miss'd the signing red,
And law, then, harlot, straight had ston'd you dead.'
  Nor former vice alone her pain insures;
Nelly, for present virtue, much endures;
For lo, she charms some wealthy, amorous 'squire!
Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
'Twere thus no sin, should love her limbs employ:
Be his the profit, and be her's the joy!
This, when her chastity or pride denies;
His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.
  At length, in childbed, she, with broken heart,
Tips off—poor soul!—Let her in peace depart!
He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;
He weeps, and weeps—oh, how he weeps—for joy!
  This priest, ye clergy, not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
Should satire quirks of vile attornies draw;
Say, would that mean to ridicule all law? [ledge,
Describe some murdering quack with want of know-
Would true physicians cry—'You mean the college?'
Blest be your cloth!—but, if in him, 'tis curst,
'Tis as best things, corrupted, are the worst.
  But lest with keys the guiltless Curl defame,
Be publish'd here—Melchisedec his name!
Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have dropt him:
And Cambridge, *ad eundem*, shall adopt him.
Of Arts now Master him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
The scarf, he once usurp'd, becomes his right.
A Doctor! could he disputants refute?
Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.
  At fat-goose living seldom he resides;
A curate there, small pittance well provides.

See him at London, studiously profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd round.
He, from the broker, how to job discerns;
He, from the scrivener, art of usury learns;
How to let interest run on interest knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous trea-
Elections turn obedient to his pleasure. [sure,
Like Stebbing, let him country mobs support,
And then, like Stebbing, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres:
Not blushless Henley* less abash'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in every trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Iscariot U—n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff;
Him, who ne'er argued, but with kick and cuff!
'My Weekly-Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics seem low:
Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life, the more defame;
Quote him unfair; and, in expression quaint,
Force him to father meanings never meant!
Learn but mere names, resistless is your page;
For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.
Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs com-
Let Heretic each reasoning Christian brand; [mand,

* The Worthy Orator.

Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink!
Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think?
Invoke the Civil Power, not Sense, for aid;
Assert, not argue; menace, not persuade;
Show discord and her fiends would save the nation,
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!
'By me, and Webster, finish'd thus at school,
Last for the pulpit, learn this golden rule!
Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle first yourself, your audience next:
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart!
Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well;
But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell!
What is this faith? Not what (as Scripture shows)
Appeals to reason, when 'twould truth disclose;
This, against reason, dare we recommend;
Faith may be true; yet not on truth depend.
'Tis mystic light—a light which shall conceal;
A revelation, which shall not reveal.
If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox—in brief,
Belief, not orthodox, is not belief;
And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Christian—Codex bids you this maintain.'
Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no [grace,
To seat episcopal our Doctor trace:
Codex, deceiving the superior ear,
Procures the *Congé* (much miscall'd) *D'Elire*.
(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith, without one virtue, shall do well.)
The Dean and Chapter, daring not to' enquire,
Elect him—Why?—to shun a *premunire*.
Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;
Organs within, and bells without resound.

Lawn-sleev'd, and mitred, stand he now confest:
See Codex consecrate!—a solemn jest!
The wicked's prayers prevail not—pardon me,
Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend—no knee.
Like other priests, when to small sees you send 'em,
Let ours hold fat-goose living *in commendam!*
An officer, who ne'er his king rever'd;
For traitorous toasts and cowardice cashier'd;
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs, that poison'd half the country round;
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take physic, and (for honour's sake) miscarry:
A lawyer, fam'd for lengthening bills of cost,
While much he plagued mankind, his clients most;
To lick up every neighbour's fortune known,
And then let luxury lick up all his own;
A Cambridge soph, who once for wit was held
Esteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd;
With parts, his Lordship's lame ones to support,
In well-tim'd sermons fit to cant at court;
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordship's senate speech, and pastoral letter:
These four, to purify from sinful stains,
This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains.
His chaplains these? and each of rising knows
Those righteous arts, by which their patron rose.
See him Lord-Spiritual, dead-voting seated!
He soon (though ne'er to Heaven) shall be translat-
Would now the mitre circle Rundle's crest? [ed.
See him, with Codex, ready to protest!
Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise!
Think not these lays, ye clergy, would abuse;
Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the
Muse—

ll priests are not the same, be understood!
riests are like other folks, some bad, some good.
The good no sanction give the wicked's fame;
Nor, with the wicked, share the good in shame.
Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus—
Is the priest work'd?—The poet's one of us.'
Free-thinkers, bigots are alike to me;
For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free:
Those, speculative without speculation,
Call mystery and credulity, salvation.
Let us believe with reason, and in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never shall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate;
Expos'd, persist; and answer'd, still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
  Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And history question the recording Muse;

'Tis this alone to aftertimes must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope!
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where science, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flees innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from the' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more despair.
Ask they what state your sheltering care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne;
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee preferr'd. [afford,
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,

Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.
  How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain,
  But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When power oppression, not protection, grew;
View present ills that punish distant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.
  Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Storied with griefs, and stain'd with human gore?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Studied, empower'd, and sanctified by zeal?
  Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs,
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.
  See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!
His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze;
His wife, his babe, denied their little home,
Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpitied, roam.
  Lo, the priest's hand the wafer-God supplies.—
A king by consecrated poison dies!
  See Learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and godlike science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the godlike science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames the' expensive wisdom fell,
And truth from Heav'n was sorcery from hell.
  See reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!

Zeal shall such heresy, like learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.
  Lo, from sought mercy one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar,
So doom'd are these; and such perhaps our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it Heaven! from Rome.
  Nor private worth alone false zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
'What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks the thundering cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord, are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red Massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to the' assassin's hand is given!
The' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of Heaven!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage.
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace!
  Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous power! nor noble, nor serene:
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.

See titles sold, to raise the' unjust supply!—
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd, censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd the' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worst.
New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous!—life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd,
For the great cause of nature and mankind!
Who kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.
Who can review, without a generous tear,
A church, a state, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd, through polemic jars,
Rich;—but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when godlike William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?

ay Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
nd bid these emulate Eliza's days;
till serve a prince, who o'er his people great,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state!
The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
Ev'n there shall liberty inspire retreat.
When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And sportive chat and social laughs go round;
Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
The converse varies to the serious tale:
The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
To some deficient law reliefless woes.
What instant pity warms the generous breast!
How all the legislator stands confess'd!
Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know;
Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine;
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance drav
The freed insolvent, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
Thus ruthless men, who would his powers restr
Oft what severity would lose, obtain.
These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acqui
Which liberty benevolent inspires:
From liberty the fruits of law increase,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rav
Adventrous sails, nor fears the wind and wav

At home untir'd we find the' auspicious hand,
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear magnificent the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies.
From liberty each nobler science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung;
A Clark and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What trade sees property that wealth maintain,
Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe science every thought sublimes;
What royal Power, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence on Britain shine,
What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

TO

MR. JOHN DYER, THE PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON; OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO.*

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpitied, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.
Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine;
Such vivid tinctures sure through ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd god this draught inspir'd;
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.

* See Dyer's Poems.

But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.
Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise! [eyes,
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards, feast our
Now haleyon Peace a smiling aspect wears!
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside!
There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the horrors of the day.
But if new glories most our warmth excite;
If toils untried to noblest aims invite;
Would you in envied pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth, elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace,

All that is soft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.
  Thus shall your colours, like his worth, amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, glows one blaze of day.

TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL, IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM THE COUNTRY.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
  Oh, could my soul through depths of knowledge [see,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of fate,
And draw e'en envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
  Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
The' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

Oft have I said, we falsely those accuse,
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cried, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Though verse can never give my soul her aim;
Though action only claims substantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n, by knowledge to aspire:
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief;
To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
For he, who useless is in life survey'd,
Burdens that world, his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would nor envy nor deride;
Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride;

Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor crush the wretch beneath, who wailing lies.
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend! [weight;
In wealth and want true minds preserve their
Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate;
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.
This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendship's beams.

TO

MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED 'THE RASH RESOLVE.'

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her withering wreath, repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

The sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear and Reason, Love's control,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal, half-appear divine.
If, when some godlike, favourite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.

Eliza, still impaint Love's powerful Queen!
Let love, soft love! exalt each swelling scene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.
Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
Thy fable glows so rich through every page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage!

And yet—but say, if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where seeming transport softens every pain,
Where fancied freedom waits the winning chain!
Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!

Say then—If love to sudden rage gives way,
Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
Charming and charm'd, can love from love retire?
Can a cold convent quench the' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

TO

MRS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

While to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Awed, I admire, and tremble as I praise:
Here art and genius new refinement need,
Listening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can art, or genius, or their powers combin'd,
But from corporeal organs sketch the mind?
When sound embodied can with shape surprise,
The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue adds the posture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the buried heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown, in stone!
As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, through Corinthian brass!
Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er sainted shrines!
If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
*Wond*rous in warmth the mimic colours flow!

Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!
Fair, and more fair, you every grace transmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæsar, the world's unrival'd master fir'd,
In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say sweet inspirer! were each annal known,
What living greatness shines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
New strength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each striking feature streams your soul!
The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inspires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs here you [stand,
What fate declines, you from the Muse demand!
Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS, WHEN WITH CHILD.

As when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers unfold,
The low-laid lark the distant ether wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
So, when thy charms celestial views create,
My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
May it, if male, its grandsire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.
  Hail Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
Weep not the scenes throughwhich my life must run,
Though fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:

That blood, which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wanderings, trac'd my veins.
Want's wintry realm froze hard around my view;
And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.
To such sad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!
Yet my Muse waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
And now the Muse heaven's milky path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering strays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!
Hence lights refracted run through distant skies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthly frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings;
In angel-forms thou see'st thy Rochford shine;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life to' infold!
So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd,
Ere infant flesh the new form'd soul enshrin'd!
So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—descendants of the skies.

TO

*MISS M***H***,*

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or lash severe:
Let Pope present such objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's stream* from Windsor's shades,
He sings the modest charms of silvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Luddal's spring† still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins,
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come, charmer, come away!
But, hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts unconscious sung.

* Alluding to the beautiful episode of Lodona in 'Windsor Forest.'

† *A spring* near Burford.

THE FRIEND.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O, MY lov'd Hill, O thou by Heaven design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet—thou friend!
  If worldly friendships of cement divide,
As interests vary or as whims preside;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
There may young worth the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
  Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, the' obdurate mother felt no shame.

Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals:
Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress:
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act the' obliger, seem the' oblig'd.
All-winning, mild, to each of lowly state:
To equals free, unservile to the great;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak!
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek,
That worthless bliss which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe they shun attracts your eye.
But shall the Muse resound alone your praise?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays! [mine!—
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's
The world's!—beneficent behold him shine!
Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him other wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy:
To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid, his little wealth, perchance, denies,
In each hard instance, his advice supplies.

With modest truth he sets the wandering right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;
In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
  Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere power was his, the man, he once caress'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast:
But asks his friend some dignity of state?
His friend, unequal to the' incumbent weight?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
All private well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls;
Or should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slavery, death, and desolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise,
Glory, in hers, is in his eye disgrace;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.
  These are the lights, where stands that friend confest;
This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
What wouldst thou not, were wealth and greatness thine?

TO

JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me, long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm,
As soon Llanelly's* fair that world to charm,
As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.

When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye
(Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
To him I would unbosom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he wooes! his hopes succeed!
But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune crost,
Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.
Her his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature then such sudden shocks sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.

* Mrs. Bridget Jones.

Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.
He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But, pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady, patriot virtue steers his mind.
Calm on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philosophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every past historic age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him, evangelic truth to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic Muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possest,
When most he renders all around him blest:
To unread 'squires illiterally gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.
Thus shines thy youth; and thus, my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to some nobler sphere should fortune raise,
To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise:
Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES.

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth, Euphrosynè her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her sire, and speaks her mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, wit, love, music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild ev'n want by thee is bless'd,
And pamper'd pride, without thee, pines for rest;
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind:

Science, by thee, flows soft in social ease,
And virtue, loosing rigour, learns to please.
  The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms the' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
'But where (she cried) is she, my favourite! she,
Of all my race the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?'
She said, but no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind, low murmurs, all the loss deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.
  The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But mirth, like virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes,
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies;
She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest consort sing:
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.
  'Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.

You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.'
'Such thy vast pow'r, (the deity replies)
Mirth never asks a boon which Health denies.
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are mine;
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.'
Euphrosynè rejoins—'Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister, in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.'
Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring.
Now bland and sweet she floats alone in air;
Air feels, and softening owns the' ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings;

kes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
athes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.
hira feels it with a soft surprise
le through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
ıstant in her own form the goddess glows,
ere, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
:n plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
:ps every charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
:rom her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
is done! (she cries) these springs possess my
pow'r!
these immediate to thy darling roll
ılth, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
ɔu smil'st, Euphrosyne; and conscious see,
mpt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
l Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!
Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health com-
bine,
h heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
ck to Augusta bear the prize away;
:re let her smile, and bid a world be gay.'

VERSES,

SENT TO AARON HILL, ESQ. WITH THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY; EXPECTING HIM TO CORRECT IT.

As the soul, stript of mortal clay,
  Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
  And views sweet prospects there;

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
  By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
  Bright scenes around him rise.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
  So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead, or brass,
  At once to purest gold.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. AARON HILL'S POEM, CALLED GIDEON.*

Let other poets poorly sing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's most luxuriant store,
To swell some monster's pride who shames a state,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r.
Thou, who inform'dst this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet, seraphic lays,
[Redeems the use of captive poetry,]
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise!

Moses, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the softening fire!
And by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.

* The lines enclosed by brackets are taken from 'Gideon.' See a similar tribute to the same production in Dyer's poems.

Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!
With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
[Wafted in charmful music through the air!]
Unstop'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes the' Almighty's
ear!

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
That Gideon, born to set his country free.
O, that such heroes in each age might rise,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-star
Generous in triumph, and in council wise!
Gentle in peace, but terrrible in war!

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron, shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vast description of their rage?
Or, when to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hama call for aid,
Lost and bewilder'd in despair,
How piercing are the hapless lover's cries?
What tender strokes in melting accents rise?
Oh, what a masterpiece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joash shows thy sweetness less,
When, like kind Heav'n, he frees 'em from dis
tress!

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image shines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot shines,
We, in that image, bright Hillarius view!

Let the low crowd who love unwholesome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like gross-fed spirits sick in purer air,
Their earthly souls by their dull taste disclose!
Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light.
But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
[And show thee glittering in abstracted day.]

VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Polly, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight denied;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, should your sex defame!
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn; yet should my passion change or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD, BEING PRESENTED BY THE HON. MRS. KNIGHT TO THE LIVING OF GOSFIELD IN ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons, rise
Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind
Are wisdom, purity, and truth, enshrin'd.
A modest merit now she plans to lift,
Thy living, Gosfield, falls her instant gift.
'Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.'
She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To science moral, and religious truth.
She sought where the disinterested friend,
The scholar, sage, and free companion, blend;
The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

VERSES

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, WITH THE WANDERER, A POEM: ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE, WHERE A YOUNG MAN TURNS HERMIT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE OLYMPIA.

When with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
  While this the youth, and that the fair exprest,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
  When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my Muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
  If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
  From her each moment's absence is to me.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT,

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES. 1737.

CONTENTS.

Of reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges, the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave trade censured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be hers a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!
  Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail arts, where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Those wondrous works, O Muse, successive raise.
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise!

What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
Raise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose aguish influence tainted heaven before.
The solid isthmus sinks a watry space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood, deepening, rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road, yon arch, connective, bends.
Where ports were chok'd, where mounds, in vain, arose;
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.
When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the lighthouse kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count still, my Muse, (to count what Muse can cease?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise:
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain,
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—his option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, as who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains.

Here herbs of food and physic plenty show'rs,
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.
On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noontide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bow'rs!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.
When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;

From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British, hence, with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters Nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless, strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thin'd mankind;
Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable soil,
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil,
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great.

Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit shine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possest,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each favourite folly into shame.
With liberal light the tragic charms the age;
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character, distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.
  Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall:
Seated, she smiling eyes the' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whose height the heavens admire;
(She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening spire;

At her command the college-roofs ascend;
For Public Spirit still is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp completes,
Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history, past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plan'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the generous goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign;
Ye sons of misery attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?

Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desperate grown;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.

This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
'And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier soil,'
To conquest lead 'em, and enrich with spoil?
Bid 'em convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, Discovery!'—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Lybia's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild.

How many sons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
'Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There shall the watry lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here the' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by Heaven for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and Heav'n the praise;
Shall it then be?'—Indignant here she rose,
(Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
'No! by each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deified by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.

Rapt, I a future colony survey!
Come then, ye sons of Misery! come away
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are know
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect aton
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth the' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live, enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequr'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life;
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams t
mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpe
lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!
To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science science, arts on arts refine;
On these, from high, all heaven shall smiling shi
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy, all below.
'Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers owed my saving hand!

Learn, when despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection, never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit, unjust success
Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
(Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.'

Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's muse, a Frederick's ear,
Thus spoke the goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,

Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
  Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd:
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite.
  Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince, rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

THE ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

In Animalcules, Muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minutest things may swarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they stray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtil beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And seek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began;
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve;
They matter, through all forms, pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
    When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
    Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

In Rome, this Animalcule grew
    Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
    In learning, power, and bounty great.

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
    (By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it rediminish'd glows,
    To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
    Too seldom perfect cures befal it:
The Muse may term it beauty's foe;
    In physic, the small-pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague to' assuage,
    They, by admitting, turn its course:
Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
    By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
    While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, subtle sprite,
    Did with the poison in repair.

The' infection from the heart it clears;
    The' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
    Expell'd upon the surface skin.

And now, it mouldei y:
'Tis gone!—doc no more!
Our Animalcule kee is its stay,
And must new l

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires.

Its pristine virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own.

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In imitation of a certain mimic of Anacreon.

Can I matchless charms recite?
Source of ever-springing light!
Could I count the vernal flow'rs,
Count in endless time the hours;
Count the countless stars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!
(Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
Purified by fires like thine!)
Then I'd strike the sounding string!
Then I'd thy perfection sing.
Mystic world!—Thou something more!
Wonder of the' Almighty's store!
Nature's depths we oft descry,
Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'st (like heaven) enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we pursue!
Charms in shining throngs we view!
Number'd then could nature's be,
Nature's self were poor to thee.

TO THE EXCELLENT

MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ. ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

THE

GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners and the heart humane;
A nature ever great and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows:

Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too; [ensue:
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise,
In one wish'd view, the' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARACTER

OF

THE REV. JAMES FOSTER.

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From Codex hear, ye' ecclesiastic men,
This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Venn;
Attend ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
First wealth, a crosier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conscience,
In modes of worship right of choice deny; [claim;
Say, to convert, all means are fair—add, why?

'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That persecution then is charity;
Call reason error; forms, not things, display,
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.
  But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where mystery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain; [vain;
Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though not
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth, [worth,
'Tis that bright crown which Heaven reserves for
A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight, from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God:
In him from Christian, moral light can shine;
Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic pow'r;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage;
Charms, which the' unthinking must to thought ex-
Lo! vice less vicious, virtue more upright: [cite;
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
But should some churchmen, apeing wit severe,
The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, wheresoe'er she dwells;
And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis, Foster, thine.
Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotson; and Rome her Fenelon.*

THE

POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A STATESMAN.

Some seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
'Seek the great man!' they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him if I court fortune, I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

* In this character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the Muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of *the bitter Controversialist* are forgotten.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry, [I?'
'Those love him: let those serve him!—why should
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure or of state;
I have no power election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him, with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.
Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which should those thoughts in-
To starve on hope; or, like cameleons, fare [spire;
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.
What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt preferr'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste!
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish, could aught my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life, no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say I had parts, too moderate to transcend;
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not to' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd, I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the noblest science, how to live.

TO

DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
  A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others' woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own:
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires;
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant most pleas'd, when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shown in tints like these.
  Say, Delia, must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?
  To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bantering to reveal,
And never known one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wandering mind;
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;

Or, when a book or thought from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
Yours—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let Judgment, Truth, the Muse, and Love decide.
What, yours!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
Is it? the Muse with doubt—Love answers NO:
You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
Yes, Judgment thinks, and Truth will YES, reply.

ON THE

RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight,
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.

Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid langour swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay,
While these revolve, though mute each Muse ap-
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears. [pears,
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening, bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—
Great god of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own bounty's almost rival'd there. [vance?
Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death ad-
Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams:
Each balmy plant, encrease of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening, feels,
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious powers gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

FULVIA.

Let Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille:
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good-natur'd than when most severe;
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic? the divine how odd?
What turns of wit play smartly on her God?
The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqued at them, straight pities me.
She, like benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, through a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
With see-saw sounds and nonsence not my own,
She screws her features, and she cracks her tone.
'How fine your Bastard? why so soft a strain?
What such a mother? Satirize again!'
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs: from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look?
My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.

Thus she: 'What's poetry, but to amuse?
Might I advise—there are more solid views.'
With a cool air she adds: 'This tale is old:
Were it my case, it should no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
You know—but when are wits, like women, wise?
True, it may take, but think whate'er you list,
All love the satire, none the satirist.'

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause a while;
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile:
'Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?'
'Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.'
Why did I start! 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all:
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream:
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Mild rose the morn; the face of nature bright
Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;

When, lo! before me on the southern shore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle?
Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
Gives Peace to gladden, sheltering Law to spread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich Industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems, every art, exprest,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.
'My words, (he cried) my words observance claim!
Resound, ye Muses, and receive 'em, Fame!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride:
I, with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
The' enslav'd to free, the' enslaver to control.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
This godlike plan'd: that finish'd like a god!
And while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.
'Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
Still Heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the branch auspicious shoot?
He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread:
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head;
Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!

He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky,
Where, in gay vision, round the' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spied,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!"

Thus spoke the Genius as advanc'd the sail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.
Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supplied;
To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays,
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dim'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stop'd short her last adieu:
E'en now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
The' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;
These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!

For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in pray'rs!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy, to greet thee on the Belgic shore.
May future times, when their fond praise would tell
How most their favourite characters excel;
How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
So great! so blest!—Such Anne and Nassau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semideus est,
Qui te potitur est deus.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

Happy the man, who in thy sparkling eyes
His amorous wishes sees, reflecting, play:
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
And, in soft-swimming langour, die away.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In sounds, which love, harmonious love, inspire;
On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his listening soul,
Till admiration form intense desire.

Half-deity is he, who warm may press
  Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
  Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
  Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
  Is all a god!—is of all heaven possest.

THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

ADDRESSED TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES, A YOUNG WIDOW LADY OF LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave ethereal stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all applied—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
  She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, the' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.

Firm, on these curious pedest
Two polish'd pillars; which, as
From well-wrought knees, more ir, more large
they rise;
Seen by the Muse, tho id m mortal eyes.
More polish'd yet, y abric e n sustains;
That purest temple ion reigns.
A small, sweet circle y ultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love mbrac'd.
Beyond that lessening waist two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh-peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying s ghs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hy n ids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure-wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;

Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New graces, to those eyes, mild shades allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
Two little porches (which, one sense empow'rs,
To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)
In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten Beauty's face.
To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
Its first, last, choicest incense, offer here!
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
Music and Reason, Poësy and Love.
Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All with a nameless air and mein unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue, and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while Nature spreads the simple meal,

The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The Virtues, chastity and truth impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.'
Thus Beauty finished—Thus she gains the sway,
And Love still follows where she leads the way.
From every gift of Heaven to charm is thine;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

ON

FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd History—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a lie proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

History, from air or deep draws many a sprite,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus History, by machine, mock-epic seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
The devil, who priest and sorcerer must obey,
The sorcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay.
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood;
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot sly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
  Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.
  But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.

Peace be with Curl—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Loose-strung, run jingling into history's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals the' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some usurp names—an English garretteer,
From minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Menager.*
Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:

* 'The Minutes of Mons. Menager;' a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Menager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated.

Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.
One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar!
But, when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir——— in some deep debate:
He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
In sly contempt, some, 'Hear him! Hear him!' cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.
But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters, and recent things?
Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and slander screen'd?
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;

To secret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plan'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's, far and wide they go.
  In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid selected friends;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
Here, though a century scarce such leaves unclose,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen the' unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;
By every language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame!

A CHARACTER.

Fair Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like Fortescue* humane,

* The Honourable William Fortescue, Esq.; one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.
  Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low cases, rose a Judge. [ders,
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thun
And on low juries breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
Nor e'er 'one uncorrupted finger shows.'*
See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord exprest!
Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest;
Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Contest stops short, Consent yields every cause
To cost; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudg'd with insult, wondrous pity draws.
But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
Must hang to please him, when of spleen possest;
Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.
  Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder still?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed,

* 'When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.'
Duke of Wharton.

Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw
O'er murder'd virtue specious veils of law?
Why, student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he [sits;
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite.
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report:
Let his own words against himself point clear,
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

DELINEATED.*

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim;
What different honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
Now silver Isis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
Then weds with Thame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp strike wondering China's eye;

* The author preferred this title to that of 'London and Bristol Compared;' which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight:
Whose patriot virtue lawless power controls;
Their British emulating Roman souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
Social, not selfish, here, O learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol, now,
With native malice lift thy lowering brow!
Then as some hell-born sprite, in mortal guise,
Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast:
Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
Insidious now our bosom-secrets steal,
And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal;
Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.

What friendship canst thou boast, what honours claim?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite?
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight:
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each others crimes their own expose;
Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves;
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense:
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn?
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters, in a trice,
The lurking seeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from schools,
Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharping knave.
Boast petty-courts, where, 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
Attornies, chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctor's rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.

So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.)
Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
To give the' attorney and the catch pole prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may descend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that shut when pity would redress;
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Try misdemeanors!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chastise the' offender, but destroy;
Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boast thy base Tolsey,* and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy Halliers'† horses, and thy human hogs;

* A place were the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.

Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see;
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.
Proceed, great Bristol, in all righteous ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
And be whate'er Gomorrha was before.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY VI. AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the Play, from a spurious copy.

To-night a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants, view
What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandsire's guilt poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good, than great,
Drew on by meekness his disasterous fate.
Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;

Let this refl[illegible] m acti[illegible]
We ne'er fi[illegible]ign s could [illegible].
Oh, let us then inte[illegible] cord
We ne'er can be, but by [illegible].

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields the' attempted virtuous mind,
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, OF LLANELLY IN CAMMARTHENSHIRE.

In her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, Heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd:
And hence a second race rose numerous round.
Heav'n to industrious virtue blessing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Though frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry acquir'd;
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
Farewell the friend, who spar'd the' assistant loan-
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewell, the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing swell,
Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

No. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since Hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to skreen,
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you pow'r, because you love to bless,
And pity, when you feel it, is redress.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The Senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heaven thus, lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our pray'rs,
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.

Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My Queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue;
A Bastard son, alas! on that side too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muse denies, the Queen inspire,
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great Princess! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;
Your poet shall allot your Lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.
Is there a greatness that adorns him best,
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast!
Has he foremeant some distant age to bless,
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er a state?
The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his Queen.
Such be the annual truths my verse imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try:

ss to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
id me proudly boast your Laureat's name;
led thus by wreaths my Queen bestows,
all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732–3.

No. II.

'GREAT Princess, 'tis decreed—once every year
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer.'
So sung the Muse; nor sung the Muse in vain:
My Queen accepts, the year renews the strain.
Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was shade
Fortune to life each flowery path denied;
No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
Which spectres haunted, and the Muses fled;
Ruins in pensive emblem seem'd to rise,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
  But hark! a gladdening voice all nature che
Disperse, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious mor
The first, the fairest of her sex was born!

How swift the change! (old wintry sorrows f
Where'er she looks, de ght surrounds the ey
Mild shines the woodlands warble rou
The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resour
In cordial air soft fragrance floats along;
Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song
Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening r
Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers!
And sweet ascend, and fair unfold, ye flowers
Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fam
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
And send your scentful tribute to the skies;
Diffusive like yon Royal Branches smile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful is
Attend, ye Muses! mark the feather'd quires
Those the spring wakes, as you the Queen ins
O, let her praise for ever swell your song!
Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolo
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays ref
And there let Heaven and her reflected shine
As when chill blights from vernal suns retir
Cheerful the vegetative world aspire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
The' enlivening influence of a milder sky;
So gives her birth, (like yon approaching spri
The land to flourish, and the Muse to sing.
'Twas thus Zenobia on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone;
Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!

Is there (so high be you, great princess, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to soar, by your sweet influence taught;
In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell;
Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will shine;
Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine!

The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;
All white they rise, and in their course exprest
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
A queen, where'er true greatness spreads in fame;
Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, nor of zeal too much;
Where these behold, as on this bless'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns
Where'er diffusive goodness smiles, a Queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!

See nations round, of every wish possest;
Life in each eye, and joy in every breast!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain?
No!—let the poet stop unequal lays,
And to the just historian yield your praise.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734–5.

No. IV.

In youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.
Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine;
Of faded cheek, of unelated views;
Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who shuns the' oppress'd, to fortune only kind;
Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes opprest,
How shall the fire awake within my breast?
How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praise?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
These with fair days, and gentle seasons glow:
Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.
  But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night:

It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muse;
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
A stranger long to misery and me.
  Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the first flowers and foliage of the spring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming, her ethereal eyes!
Soft as the Pleiads o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
And shows Ambition's sons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine,
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That, breath'd through shepherd's pipe, enchants the vale!
Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the Muse presents the scene;
Where silvan pleasures ever smile serene;
Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muse, and love;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.

These soothe my throbbing I
mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel mother? No—I've seen,
From Heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honour and wealth I cheerfully resign;
If competence, if learned ease be mine!
If I by mental, heartfelt joys, be fir'd,
And in the vale, by all the Muse inspir'd!
Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes!
Child of the spring! Behold the best of Queens!
Softness and Beauty rose this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd Wisdom, and Benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose;
Like that which Spring o'er rural Nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty glad the isle.
Lo! Industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone;
But sees the harvest of a world his own.
Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old Ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High culture blooms, inviting villas shine;

And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.
'Come then, (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse)
Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing scene
Shows, in each view, the genius of thy Queen.
Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song!
Hear her sweet-warbling through the feather'd throng!
Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
And with the vegetative smile delight!
Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
The goodness of thy parent, Queen, and Heaven!
'With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
O'er all thy Queen's benevolence descends,
And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
As Winter softens into Spring, to You
Blooms Fortune's season, through her smile, anew,
Still, for past bounty, let new lays impart
The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
Cast through the telescope of hope your eye!
There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
Behold he spreads one universal spring!
Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
And blessing and existence be the same!'

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. V.

Lo! the mild sun salutes the opening Spring,
And gladdening Nature calls the Muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance, fill the gale.
Yet mildest suns to me are pain severe,
And music's self is discord to my ear!
I, jocund Spring, unsympathizing, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find?
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From absent books, what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
A genius whisper'd in my ear—'Go seek
Some man of state! the Muse your wrongs may speak.'—
'But will such listen to the plaintive strain:
The happy seldom heed the' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born!
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant desires!
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires!
Why, by the proud and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!

Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd:
'Hope I am call'd, (said he) a heaven-born child!
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may:
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust is never to deserve.
Did not this day a Caroline disclose!
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chase away despair;
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief.'
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear:
Arm'd thus my Queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures;
Since to be wretched, is, to be made yours.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. VI.

Ye spirits bright, that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!

The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray:—
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.

The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year;
O muse, awake! descend and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the Muse's song.

Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray:
The storms of faction cease to roar,
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
At vernal suns as wintry tempests cease,
She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1st of March, 1737—8.

A POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY.

No. VII.

Oft has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now, to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave:
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
  To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from her; and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
Who often squander, yet who never gave;
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore;
Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF OUR LATE MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LORD, KING GEORGE I. INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE DODINGTON, ESQ.

LET gaudy mirth, to the blithe carrol-song,
In loose light measur'd numbers dance along;
Thou, Muse, no flow'ry fancies here display,
Nor warble with the cheerful lark thy lay.
In the dark cypress grove, or moss-grown cell,
Where dreary ravens haunt, would sorrow dwell!
Where ghosts, that shun the day, come sweeping by,
Or fix in melancholy frenzy's eye;
Yet now she turns her flight to scenes of state,
Where wealth and grandeur weep the frowns of fate!
Wealth, want, rank, power, here each alike partakes,
As the shrub bends, the lofty cedar shakes;
To her wide view is no contraction known,
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne.
O Exclamation! lend thy sad relief!
O Dodington! indulge the righteous grief!
Distant, I've long beheld, in thee, transcend
The poet, patron, patriot, and the friend.
Thou, who must live in truth's remotest page,
Form'd to delight, and dignify an age;
Whose words, whose manners, and whose mind declare,
Each grace, each moral, and each Muse are there:
Accept this po'sy, void of venal aim,
Made sacred by the Royal Master's name.

But why, O Muse! are songful hours thy choice?
Lost is the life, whose glory lifts thy voice!
George is no more! As at the doomful sound
Of the last trump, all nature feels the wound!
Each private, each distinguish'd virtue bleeds!
And what but lamentation long succeeds?
Where wilt thou then for apt allusions fly?
What eloquence can throbbing grief supply?
Late, golden pleasures urg'd their shining way,
With George they flourish'd, and with George decay!
Now dusky woes o'er varied scenes extend,
Groans rise! rocks echo! and chill damps descend!
Grief strikes my view with ever-weeping eyes,
At her wan look, each lively fancy dies.
In fear, in hope, dull rest, or ruffling storms,
Thus woe besets us, though in various forms!
That dire event of youth's ungovern'd rage!
That dear-bought knowledge to declining age!
In want, in scorn, it haunts an humble state,
'Tis care, 'tis envy, to perplex the great!
A kingdom's curse, it in dissention brings;
Or heavier falls, when falls the best of Kings!
Worth it exalts, when aiming to debase;
'Tis virtue's triumph, or 'tis guilt's disgrace!
It humbles life, yet dignifies our end;
Reflection's torment, yet reflection's friend!
Then let the Muse her meaning notes resume,
And pay due sorrows to the hallow'd tomb.
Was there a glory, yet to greatness known,
That not in Brunswick's soul superior shone?
Ill fare the man, who, rob'd in purple pride,
To wounded worth has no relief apply'd!
Benevolence makes pow'r to prudence dear,
When pity weeps, what pearl excels the tear?

When not one virtue glows to bless mankind,
When pride's cold influence petrifies the mind;
Let the Prince blaze with gems!—in wisdom's view,
An emblem of the rock, where once they grew!
Yet springs gush out, to prove ev'n rocks can flow
In rills refreshful to the vales below.
Why has he pow'r, and why no heart to cheer,
Unseeing eyes, and ears that will not hear?
Swift, as his bliss, shall his light name decay,
Who, self indulgent, sports his hours away!
But, oh!—what love, what honour shall he claim,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame?
He (truly Great!) his useful pow'r refines,
By him discover'd worth exalted shines;
Exalted worth, the' enlivening act repeats,
And draws new virtues from obscure retreats:
He, as the first, creative influence, prais'd,
Smiles o'er the beings which his bounty rais'd.
Such, Dodington, thy Royal Master shin'd,
Such thou, the image of thy Monarch's mind.
Nations were balanc'd by his guardian skill,
Like the pois'd planets by the' all powerful will.
Mark the Swede succour'd! mark the aspiring Czar!
Check'd are his hopes, and shun'd the naval war.
By George the Austrian eagle learns to tower,
While the proud Turk shakes, conscious of her power;
But when her menace braves our envied shore,
She trembles at the British lion's roar;
Trembles, though aided by the force of Spain,
And India's wealth!—'gainst Brunswick, all, how vain?
He bade thy honour, Albion, foremost shine!
His was the care, unmeasur'd bliss was thine!

Yet oft against his virtue faction rose!
An angel, if thy monarch, would have foes.
  Come, Charity, first born of virtue's line!
Come meek-ey'd Mercy, from the seat divine!
Pure Temp'rance, mistress of a tranquil mind,
By whom each sensual passion stands confin'd!
Fix'd Fortitude, from whom fierce peril flies!
By whom (O soul of action!) empires rise!
Fair justice, author of a godlike reign!
Peace, plenty, liberty adorn thy train!
Lov'd Prudence! queen of virtues! blissful dame!
Parent and guide of each illustrious aim!
From whose firm step confusion turns in flight,
That shapeless spawn of anarchy and night!
From whom kind Harmony deduc'd her race,
Then order, all in one united grace!
And thou Religion! truest, heav'nly friend!
Whom these alone establish, these defend!
Assemble to the wailing Muse's call!
Weep o'er the clay-cold breast that held you all!
  O death, rouze all those terrors to thy aid,
Weak fear, or wisest valour would evade!
Whether foul pestilence in dire array,
Red war, or pale-ey'd famine point your way,
What can you more than kingdoms overthrow?
What aim'd you less, when Brunswick felt the blow?
But, mark!—Augustus, still above thy rage,
Steps forth to give a second golden age.
  Ye great Plantagenets! distinguish'd race!
One greater meets you on celestial space.
And thou, Nassau, the fairest noblest name!
Ev'n mid the blest, superior still thy flame!
Behold an equal now!—how dear the' embrace!
Oh, fly!—present him at the throne of grace!

'Tis done!—he's crown'd with a resplendent joy,
Which care shall never dim, nor time destroy.
  See!—from yon golden cloud, amidst a band
Of angel pow'rs, once patriots of the land,
Soft leaning o'er Britannia's weeping isle,
And shedding sweet a fond, paternal smile;
Pointing, the visionary seraph cries,
'Suspend thy tears! behold a Sov'reign rise,
Thy second George! whose reign shall soon disclose
All that mine gave, and heav'n in grace bestows.'
  He said,—again, with majesty refin'd,
Up-wing'd to realms of bliss, the' ethereal mind.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DYER.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. JOHNSON.

LIFE OF DYER.

JOHN DYER was born in 1700, the second son of Robert Dyer of Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note.

He passed through Westminster-school under the care of Dr. Friend, and was then called home to be instructed in his father's profession. But his father died soon, and he took no delight in the study of the law; but, having always amused himself with drawing, resolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardson, an artist then of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having studied a while under his master, he became an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales, and the parts adjacent; but he mingled poetry with painting, and about 1727 printed Grongar Hill, in Lewis's Miscellany. It was published about his twenty-seventh year.

Being, probably, unsatisfied with his own proficiency, he, like other painters, travelled to Italy; and, coming back in 1740, published the "Ruins of Rome."

If his poem was written soon after his return, he did not make much use of his acquisitions in painting, whatever they might be; for decline of health and love of study determined him to the church.

He therefore entered into orders; and, it seems, married about the same time a lady of the name of Ensor, "whose grandmother," says he, "was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of every body's Shakspeare." By her, in 1756, he had a son and three daughters living.

His ecclesiastical provision was for a long time but slender. His first patron, Mr. Harper, gave him, in 1741, Calthorp in Leicestershire, of eighty pounds a year, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford in Lincolnshire, of seventy-five. His condition now began to mend. In 1751, Sir John Heathcote gave him Coningsby, of one hundred and forty pounds a year; and in 1755 the chancellor added Kirkby, of one hundred and ten. He complains that the repair of the house at Coningsby, and other expenses, took away the profit. In 1757 he published The Fleece, his greatest poetical work.

"The spirit of Dyer's Fleece," says Dr. Aikin, "is truly didactic, and he has given it all the regularity which would have been expected in a prose work on the same subject. In his first book he is a breeder of sheep; in his second, a wool-stapler; in his third a weaver; and in his fourth a merchant. In all of these capacities his object seems to be serious instruction, and he leaves no part of the topic untouched. He teaches, however, like a poet, and neglects no opportunity of uniting entertainment with precept. He judiciously dwells most upon those parts which afford matter for sentiment or poetical description; and frequently digresses into collateral paths which lead to scenes of beauty and even of grandeur. He has also the merit of much local and appropriate imagery."

"His 'Grongar Hill' is perhaps the most pleasing piece in the language, of those which aim at local description. Dyer has judiciously attempted no *more than to* sketch such a prospect as may be

conceived to be in view from almost any elevated summit in a picturesque country; and he has chiefly dwelt on circumstances of generality. The facility with which the reader enters into the ideas, sensible and intellectual, of this piece, has, doubtless, been a principal cause of its popularity; to which, its familiar style and measure, and its moderate length, have further contributed."

"The author has taken a loftier flight in his blank verse poem of 'The Ruins of Rome,' which is likewise a combination of the moral and the descriptive. Dyer formed his draught on the spot, and expressed with the pen what he had first copied with the pencil: hence his performance abounds with touches of reality, which give it a spirit not to be found drawn from fancy or recollection. The historical allusions, and moral and political reflections, are accommodated to the scenery, but are sufficiently obvious. It appears to me that this performance has not enjoyed its due share of reputation. The subject is peculiarly happy, and its execution must surely be allowed to display no common measure of poetical genius.

GRONGAR HILL.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple evening lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistos shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me, trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,

The slender fir, that [illegible] ws,
The sturdy oak with [illegible]ad- [illegible]ead boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,*
Holds and charms the wandering eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
Tis now the' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls,
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

* Dinevaur Castle.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;

Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.
  O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passion's tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
  Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning's fair; the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run,
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.
  I am resolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to stray,
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about:
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt them all to crowd the door.
  What a fair face does Nature show!
Augusta! wipe thy dusty brow;
A landscape wide salutes my sight
Of shady vales and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,

And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by,
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide:
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain;
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.
  Happy swain! sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.
  The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow,
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.
  Oh! powerful Silence! how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls;
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring,
Where they behold a lonely well
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell,
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy,
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, it is not her voice I find;
'Tis but the echo stays behind.
Some meditate Ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below;
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery:
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray
It made them vanish all away.
I rouse me up, and on I rove;
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees;
And as I leave the silvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see
Leaning on an aged tree,
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below:
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet and clean,

A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown;
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face,
  Up Grongar Hill* I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh! how fresh, how pure, the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie.
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!—
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds and barren ground.
  See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods! this humble seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat,
  See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;

* A hill in South Wales. See the preceding poem.

On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
  Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless, with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
  And there behold a bloomy mead.
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
  In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herb before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires;
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergasney* I descend.
  But, oh! how bless'd would be the day
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

* The name of a seat belonging to the author's brother.

THE

RUINS OF ROME.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa.
  Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt Roman. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
  Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?

JANUS VITALIS.

THE

RUINS OF ROME.

Enough of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud Antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse!
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo! the resistless theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations, fall'n! obscur'd in dust;
Ev'n yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!

Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs!
  Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk,
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as the' immense leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldly, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft,
At dead of night, mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of everfalling waters; shrouded Nile,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates:* they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
  Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering-pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,

* *Fountains* at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

On numerous arches rear'd; and, frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of aisles and halls within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and, proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder! how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, the' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell
In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.
  Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along;
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
A solemn wilderness; with error sweet
I wind the lingering steep, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,

Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous gods
Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths*
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in darkening error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd the' Inapplicable Name.
How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar, raptur'd with the charm of rule,
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus! dubious of the right,
In evil days of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,
His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct*
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak; so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er the Egyptian plain;
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muses' stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
The' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light,
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge,
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,

* From the Palatin Hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

When, drunk with rule, she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out rush'd,
Before the' innumerable shouting crowd,
The fiery madded tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel the' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd*
In ancient days the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, the spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights,
Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too-prosperous Israel from his living Strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill! Here, curious architect,
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass

* The Capitol.

Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn the' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art the noble plan
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn, with foliage curl'd,
Thinly conceal'd the chapiter inform'd.
  See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies:
And there the temple where the summon'd state*
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours; Ambition sinks her crest;
And, lo! the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd
Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo! the wretch abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty!
Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul
His sacred genius thou: be Britain's care;
With her secure prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names

* The temple of Concord, where the Senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs,
In mask and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule,
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway,
To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth!
Array'd in every charm; whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits incribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs;
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns, and isles, and peopled seas
Rejoic'd around her lyre; the' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength,
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles* undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth, where tender Charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.

* The public granaries.

Thine, too, these musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever, while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts,
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,
Glide the soft-whispering waters in the wind,
And, here united, pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome*
Couches beneath the ruins; there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the Field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance,
To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame!
Deserve they not regard? o'er whose broad flints

* Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

Such crowds have roll'd so many storms of war,
So many pomps, so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even state to distant seas around [Peace,
They stretch their pavements. Lo! the fane of
Built by that prince who to the trust of power*
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding aisles remain, the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils: the golden board
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
by the sunk roof.—O'er which, in distant view,
The' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid† divides
The mouldering wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls‡,

* Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

† The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

‡ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks,
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils up the rough steep
Its hero to the skies; and his dark tower*
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome†;
And the rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When the' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king!
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where the' insulting proud

* Nero's.
† The Palatin library.

Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies:
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs: away, my Muse!
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not the' innumerable thefts;
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
  Suffice it now the' Esquilian Mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement. A low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.

Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspir'd,
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune the' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of War,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
The' o'erflowing wave—Enough:—the plaint disdain.—
Seest thou yon fane? ev'n now incessant time*
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
The' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus! and thy brother twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive, while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf

* The temple of Romulus and Remus, under Mount Palatin.

Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender
limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies; your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of the' Ausonian state,
Wrapt in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains, and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd;
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the generous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the capitol! the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? they, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought

To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart,
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtless wing
Of victory dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.
  And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd,
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet, hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.
  Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:

For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter-storm and summer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek,
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool nymphean grots, or tepid baths;
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond expense:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles, whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fum'd,
To slake patrician thirst: for these their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market throngs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm Corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!
Didius, vile usurer! through the crowd he mounts,*
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons! O my countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war;
Immortal Cæsar! Lo! a god, a god!
He cleaves the yielding skies. Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.
But see along the North the tempest swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush, as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

THE FLEECE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima fit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina.

COLUMELLA.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep: for fine-woolled sheep: for long-woolled sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tupping-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates, exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs!
Ye swains, and princely merchants! aid the verse,
And ye, high trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth,
To the great charge assigns! ye good of all
Degrees, all sects! be present to my song.

So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well-permitted power and watchful eye
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! Thou protect the song.

On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The fairest flocks rejoice: they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain,
Evils deform'd and foul; nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature blends
Flowerets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,
Or shells deluvian mingled, and the turf
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berried juniper, arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods
And towering villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds that lead the step

Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,*
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
Ruin of ages! nods; such, too the leas
And ruddy tilth which spiry Ross beholds,
From a green hillock o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky track and airy Croft;†
And such Harleian Eywood's‡ swelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea;
And Shobden,§ for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods,
And girt with all Siluria,‖ sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria! land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum,¶ or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

* Normanton, a seat of Sir John Heathcote, in Rutlandshire.
† Croft, a seat of Sir Archer Croft.
‡ Eywood, a seat of the Earl of Oxford.
§ Shobden, a seat of Lord Bateman.
‖ Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c
¶ Treacherous Falernum: because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.
Yet some defect in all on earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep: from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare:
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure,
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures; deep in spungy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest: in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent shelter; such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern* wall'd,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

Solemnly vast. The Trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians,* who along their mossy dales
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour,
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass;
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandering rills
Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees, that sour
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd;
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.
Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of clime and aspect bland,
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
In vain the silken fleece on windy brows,
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills,
Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights

* *Dimetia*, Caermarthenshire, in South Wales.

Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains. What taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold! no more
Food to the flock than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap and starves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Basely from Albion, by the' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November, (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and sing.
Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! these thy sons
With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills,
Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.
See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,

How beautiful! how blue the' ethereal vault;
How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia! happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumerous. But whither strays my Muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
Arriv'd of bright Augusta, wild he roves, [masts;
From deck to deck, through groves immense of
'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and
In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix [domes,
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly: with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.
Ye shepherds! if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
And clime, even every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each
The great invisible, and each to all,
Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks,*
Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide
Aërial sides of Cader-yddris huge;†
These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece

* Darwent's naked peaks; the peaks of Derbyshire.

† Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal;
But hills of milder air, that gently rise
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate:
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotswold Downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
Of elmy Ross,* or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea,
Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs
Select; his tawny fleece in ringlets curls:
Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
That grace the columns of the Iönic dome.
Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields,†
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street,
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain:
The ram, short-limb'd, whose form compact describes
One level line along his spacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,

* Ross, a town of Herefordshire.

† Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickshire and Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

That [illegible]
In [illegible]
And [illegible]
Her [illegible]
Chalices [illegible]
And [illegible]
With [illegible]
Hence [illegible]
Small [illegible]
Of [illegible]
From [illegible]
And [illegible]
The [illegible]
No [illegible]
Adieu [illegible]
Fearful [illegible]
The [illegible]
With [illegible]
Shrouds [illegible]
Nothing [illegible]
Unless [illegible]
Is [illegible]
In [illegible]
Of [illegible]
Of [illegible]
(Save [illegible] for [illegible]
Sabbaths [illegible]
Oft [illegible]
And [illegible]
Then [illegible]
And [illegible]
Or urge them [illegible]
In hunger's [illegible]
Or to the marsh [illegible]

If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads,
Sagacious care foreacts. When strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art. The coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.
That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern; when on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale,
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
Again detersive salt apply, or shed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.
In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the Halt:
Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain, and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen:
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
And salt again. The' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.
The' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and easy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor. Ye poor! with grateful voice
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.
Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,
Driven oft from Nature's path by artful man,

Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,
Whom sacred instinct would scorn'd lead.
But thou, more humble swain! the rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.
Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Master only taught,
They best their food and physic can discern:
For HE, Supreme Existence! ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
With what a regular consent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unsavoury crow-flower: whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,
And with her salutary rules intrusts,
Benevolent Mackenzie!* say the cause.
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;
Each strong affection of the' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given: harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.
  See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and ruddle; nor forget
Thy shears true pointed, nor the' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return;
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate

* *Dr. Mackenzie*, of Drumsergh, near Edinburgh.

Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before the' autumnal months. Ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour: oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
  Beware the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid! the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field:
All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
Suddenly rages: with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash
Their hardy frontlets: the wide vale resounds:
The flock, amaz'd, stands safe afar: and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls;
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.
  Wise custom at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they've past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambkins: necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd.
In those rough months that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flowers of May;
May! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary houseless common fields,
Worn by the plough; but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,
Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners crowd!
Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking pasture: wait till all

The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.
  In teasing fly-time, dank or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins between the parted locks:
Thus the Brigantes;* 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that skill despis'd which trims their tails,
Ere summer-heats, of filth and tagged wool;
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.
  To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerless shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require; and ever learn
Quick ether's motions: oft the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance: these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe.
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of the' hurrying overtaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cots, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dikes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm;
There let them sojourn, till gay Progne skims
The thickening verdure and the rising flowers,

* The Brigantes, inhabitants of Yorkshire.

And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields, while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage; lest, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste,
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life,
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger [gnaw'd.
Ah, gentle shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless, lenient by thy care;
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O! guard his meek sweet innocence from all
The' innumerous ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky:
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey

Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her, also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the past'ral care:
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept, after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention; such as Nuceus sings
To the full vale near Soar's* enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.
Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but more frequent heat.
The fly-blown vermin from their woolly nest
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes!
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt:
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf;
Inferior their's to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.

* Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

With grateful heart, ye [illegible] swains! enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo! in the sprinkling clouds your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
The' Hyperborean tracks. his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian fl
And burrows deep bene [illegible] the snowy world;
A drear abode! [illegible] diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
Of fetid oil inflam'd, se[illegible] onsters' spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months with various il
Sullen he struggles: such the love of life!
His lank and scanty herbs around him press,
As, hunger stung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance: while ye, O swains!
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mout
They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only at the morning hour to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The wat'ry juices of the bossy root
Absorbing; or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut
Nor watchful dog require, where never roar

Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides, their stubborn rocks are rent,
Their mountains sink, their yawning caverns flame,
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
In Syrion valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.
  See the swift Furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide!
Yet your mild homesteads ever blooming smile
Among embracing woods, and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimnies curling o'er the gloomy trees
In airy azure ringlets to the sky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep,
Expensive toil, howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleet of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Soothe the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.
  The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food,
And shift their little home's uncertain scene

With frequent farewell : [illegible] as all,
As were their fathers. [illegible] sweet fall of rain
May there be heard ; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles [illegible]ing by
In murmurs : goaded by [illegible]ge of thirst,
Daily they journey to [illegible]stant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gl[illegible]y palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep [illegible] by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and lo[illegible] to serve.
There, at the [illegible] of [illegible]ultry noon,
They share the [illegible], when to watering come,
And grateful umbr[illegible], all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns : then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats ;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouthed well his strength removed,
And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.
Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse !
Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.
Now, jolly swains ! the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium,* where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass

* Caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the shepherd's shears, and all edge tools, are made.

Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel: from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes that glisten through the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.
  Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin.
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close; with caution turn the points,
And from the head in regular rounds proceed;
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then Thunder oft with pondrous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of Heav'n, adown

Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the ste
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades.
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts
And rifted trees, and heavy, enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time along the lively vales
Rural festivities are often heard;
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment. While on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the Golden Age again return'd,
And all the fabled dryades in dance:
Leering they bound along with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep-remurmuring cords
Of the' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While the' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mix'd
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir,
Music of Paradise; which still is heard
When the heart listens, still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine;
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recal those notes which once the Mus

Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin!* Yet the carols sweet
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain!
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.
'This is no vulgar scene; no palace-roof
Was e'er so lofty, or so nobly rise
Their polished pillars as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms
Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle Shepherds! pillow us at night.'
'Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,'
Colin replied; 'and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
Alas! that any ills from wealth should rise!
'May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,
Which with a pretty innocence of look
Skip on the green, and race in little troops:
May that great lamp which sinks behind the hills,
And streams around variety of lights,
Recal them erring! this is Damon's wish.'
'Huge Breaden's† stony summit once I climb'd
After a kidling: Damon what a scene!
What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!

* Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

† *Breaden*, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, clifts, and torrent floods;
And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain,
Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich!
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
Our snowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece.'
'Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,'
Damon replied, 'while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
For so the' All-seeing styles them, to remind
Elated man forgetful of his charge.'
'But haste, begin the rites; see purple Eve
Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains!
Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds!
Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
Vaga profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc,* swift of foot;
And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,

* *Vaga*, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers; the springs of *which* rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

In the divided torrents, ere they burst [roll.
Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds,
Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous leaf.'
He said: with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.
Such custom holds along the' irriguous vales
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn,*
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispers'd in copious measure: early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes: and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted; while the mountain-woods
And winding vallies with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen, and to view the joyous scene.

* Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

THE FLEECE.

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THE ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the affording of it, particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures; yet all pastures improvable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool, before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island peculiarly excellent is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dyeing of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now of the sever'd lock begin the song
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains!
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray!* if thou

* David Wray, Esq. one of the Deputy Tellers of the Exchequer, who procured Dyer the living of Belchford in 1751.

Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall singing, soar aloft;
And he whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,
Royston!* approve, and patronize the strain.
  Through all the brute creation none as sheep
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous streams;
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live,
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond;
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains!
Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain;
Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
Come, gentle swains! the bright unsullied locks
Collect; alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
And warbling music break from every spray.
Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round; nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold;
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic those,

* Viscount Royston, afterward Earl of Hardwicke.

Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,*
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud; nor interpose delay,
Lest busy ether through the open wool
Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard, too, from moisture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care:
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
Allur'd, as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage: such apart
Keep for their proper use: our ancestors
Selected such for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd,
When many-colour'd evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full orb'd, the silver harvest moon,
To light the' unwearied farmer, late a field
His scatter'd sheaves collecting, then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain
And every dale where farm or cottage smokes:
Reject them not; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copsy villages on either side,

* Urchinfield, the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
  In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
The' industrious Belgians, to the work who gr
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious dor
With boundless hospitality, receive
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame empl
And unrejected age: ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and sho
And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks; another shines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking unuseful in the steely comb:
For this long spungy wool no more increase
Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn stops; and what th
    Spring
Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
The texture? yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
From winter's deadening frosts and whe
Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof, [si
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth

Of cloth'd Apulian,* by soft warmth improv'd;
Or let them inward heat and vigour find
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lightest wool is theirs who poorly toil
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields. Inclose, inclose, ye swains!
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
To mark your property? the mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields
Promiscuous held, all culture languishes:
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows: none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire;
And in the distant village every hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain:
Pernicious habit! drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals, or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,

* The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

The year's slow ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys,
  There are who over-rate our spungy stores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours
To spread upon its fields the dews of Heav'n,
And feed the silky fleece; that card nor comb
The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap:
Illusion all; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit
Upon our snowy flocks of small esteem:
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.
  And though with hue of crocus or of rose
No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase:
Therefore from herbage of old pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears; nor ev'n the streams
Of Yare or silver Stroud can purify
Their frequent sullied fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.
  Yet much may be perform'd to check the force
Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dikes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labour and Art will every aim achieve

Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level*, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform,
And smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox vain struggling to ingulf;
Till one of that high honour'd patriot name,
Russel! arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams:
God-like beneficence! from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove.
But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable track! the traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping-Fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple: decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil,
With patient art, effect? There was a time
When other regions were the swain's delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till at length,

* Bedford Level, in Cambridgeshire.

The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and o'er sinking woods
High Costwold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake
Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives,
And in the regions oft of active Gaul
O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.
In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracks were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judea's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides.
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they ting'd
The shining fleeces; hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece,
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This rising Greece with indignation view d,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympius' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He rous'd the brave to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains! the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as in the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;

And soon the laurel cord and the huge stone
Uplifted to the deck, unmoor'd the bark,
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in the' extended keel a lofty mast
Uprais'd, and sails full-swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep; the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs;
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he springs upon the shore,
And rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal; then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt:
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks!
Threaten approach; but they, unterrified,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods

Cleave their bold passage; nathless by the crags
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in the' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind,
Thus through the wide waves their slow way they force
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found; for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of King distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,

With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd.
Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant shun'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats;
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance,
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.
Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic and Thessalian, bore esteem;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary vallies seeks the sea:
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,
What need I name? the Turdetanian track,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs! where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.
Lo! the revolving course of mighty Time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.

Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cots,
Or sunny meadows, cloth'd with costly care?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust.
  Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe
And bleating flocks awak'd the cheerful lawn.
  The glossy fleeces now, of prime esteem,
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills, [lakes,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The Paradise of Indus. Next the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventrous trade.
  Add, too, the silky wool of Libyan lands,

Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.
  Next, proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.
  And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece:
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders; or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet. He,* whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms!
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed?
  Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious. In Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock† is found, of which are woven

* Drayton.
† A wondrous rock—the Asbestos.

Vests incombustible; Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreathe the head,
And airy float behind. The beaver's flix
Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.
Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canses',* echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons! nor sleep careless on the lap

* Apacheria and Canses, provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.

Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep*
Of fertile Arica,† like camels form'd,
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.
Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear,
Nor what from fleece Ratæan‡, mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium§ woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This Golden Fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave

* These sheep are called Guanapos.
† Arica, a province of Peru.
‡ Ratæan fleeces, the fleeces of Leicestershire.
§ Coventry.

Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracks,
Or where the Lune* or Coker† wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury, arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes!—To this lov'd end
Awake, Benevolence! to this lov'd end
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride!) for your repast alone
Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends the' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar, wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man.

* Lune, a river in Cumberland.
† Coker, a river in Lancashire.

With man united is a nation strong;
Builds towery cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.
For me, 'tis mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may soothe distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach the' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.
For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy straits, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals: those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
Thus also mindful, thus devising good,
At vacant seasons oft, when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold
With dumb complacence; for religion, this,
To give our every comfort to distress,

And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers broken oft; till, fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb, [length,
Show'd how the fleece might stretch to greater
And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils,
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius! did not bless
Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth, what nation did not seek
Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs?

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festals: through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds and order just,
Denoting Labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout,
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand
Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless [illegible]
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song [illegible]
And oft they interpose improving [illegible]
Divulging each to other knowled[illegible]
Sparks from experience that [illegible]
Till night weighs [illegible]
Rouses to labo[illegible]

Tyrian Melcartus thus, (the first who brought
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And for unwearied toils and arts the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone;
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to the' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives to the curious, works of Nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad

O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes;
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice; who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their isles
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs,
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd' and thirsty for the double tint
And flowering shuttle. While the' admiring world
Crowded her streets, ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient site; a monument to those
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK III.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labour. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger; our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous unhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it; hence a wish that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures; other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse! resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diffus'd, though sweet the tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choristers

Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few; for every note which Virtue wound
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling Vice to amorous airs
The reed applied, and heedless youth allur'd;
Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses' haunt
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote*! whose benevolence
Visits our vallies, where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble, and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want
And Vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n Nature lives by toil
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling world
All live by action: nothing lies at rest
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude

* Sir John Heathcote, of Normanton in Rutlandshire.

Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the [fleece
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs!
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires: arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids!
Receive the soft material; with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread;
Even, unknotted, twine will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double-spool'd, which yield to either hand
A several line; and many yet adhere
To the' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,

A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph
Too-beauteous Helen! no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to ho
Sagacious, has a spiral engine † form'd,
Which on an hundred spools an hundred the
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, tu
Few hands requiring; easy tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom. [
Nor hence, ye nymphs! let anger cloui
The more is wrought the more is still requir
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, pe
Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever fi
Ample employment. In the strife of trade
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which ever-gliding feed the flowery lawn:
Nor should the careful State, severely kind,
In every province to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement

/hile in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
nd the' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
uavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
y growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth with various hopes inflam'd,
ow on the busy stage see him step forth,
'ith beating breast; high-honour'd he beholds
ich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom;
rom some thick wood the carpenter selects
slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
r sapplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
he posts, and treadles, and the frame combines:
he smith, with iron-screws and plated hoops,
onfirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
hat strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe
nd graver's knife the hollow shuttle add.
arious professions in the work unite,
or each on each depends. Thus he acquires
he curious engine, work of subtle skill;
ow'er, in vulgar use around the globe
requent observ'd, of high antiquity
o doubtful mark: the' adventrous voyager,
oss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
ears on remotest shores the murmuring loom,
ees the deep-furrowing plough and harrow'd field,
he wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
f strong-yok'n steers. What needful art is new?
Next, the industrious youth employs his care
o store soft yarn! and now he strains the warp
long the garden-walk, or high-way side,
moothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
nd sits before the work: from hand to hand
he thready shuttle glides along the lines,
/hich open to the woof, and shut, alterna;

And ever and an[illegible] to [illegible] the work,
Against the web [illegible] in noisy frame,
That o'er the le[illegible] [illegible] te a surge
Which, often [illegible] sandy beach,
Compacts the trave[illegible]'s ro[illegible]: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn,
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.
  Or if the broader mantle be the task,
He chooses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.
  What need we name the several kinds of looms!
Those delicate, to whose fair-coloured threads
Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
The artist's hand: he, unseen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works:
Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs;
Modern invention; modern is the want.
  Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd.
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
  Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank,
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength
Wring out the latent water: then up hung

ugged tenters, to the fervid sun
vel surface, reeking, it expands;
brightening in each rigid discipline,
gather'd worth; as human life, in pains,
licts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears
hurler's thistle skim the surface sheen.
round of work goes on, from day to day,
on to season. So the husbandman
ues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
sickle labours, and the slow team strains,
grateful harvest-home reward his toils.
he' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
last improvement; for the' unlabour'd fleece
is permitted to imbibe the dye.
enetrating waves of boiling vase,
snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
ic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
he dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
ain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
those that canopy the bowers of Stow
r soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
the melodious nightingale begins.
om yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
iteous emerge: from these the azure rise;
glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
se shall the prince with purple robes adorn,
those the warrior mark, and those the priest.
ew are the primal colours of the art:
only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
hence innumerable hues arise.
hat stain alone is good which bears unchang'd
solving water's, and calcining sun's,

And thieving air's attacks. How great the need
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best adapted [illegible]es, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
And who inquires the cause why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons! grasp in every art
The foremast name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.
Now see, o'er vales and peopled mountain-tops
The welcome traders gathering every web,
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successless oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopp'd by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps, while Misery among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province shall be rais'd
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due

Of public welfare! Ho, ye poor! who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame! ye blind!
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of Affliction! be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd daylight dawns,
When charitable Rigour shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of Trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion:* here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage: here your viands are prepar'd:
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.
Behold, in Calder's† vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise:
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,

* Erect the mansion.—This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

† Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

And ever-murmuri[illegible]d, the' unwonted se
Wrap in surprise. [illegible] see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful wor
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer fl
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive.
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of [illegible]inding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust
Rasping or grinding tough Brasilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web,
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
A circular machine,* of new design,
In conic shape; it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of the' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says

* A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It i
trived to spin cotton, but may be made to spin fine carded wo

is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which with rapid whirl
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile;
And ruddy roofs and chimney tops appear
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid,
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn;
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,

Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo! in thro
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bo
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight exte
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal stri
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, tran
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance. Deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grind
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue
And tedious process of its painful works

Behold arising in their fattening flocks
A double wealth, more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silk worm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
The' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.
No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate! life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-flung shuttle or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieg'd fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm
Mid wild discordant waves with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
The' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants! These are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion! with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale:
The loom, that long-renown'd wide-envied gift

From old Nile's
The golden-footed Science
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and
And, follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld,
With speedy wing and scatter'd course they fl
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Egypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutricious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then from fair Antwerp an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway; some on gentle Ya
And fertile Wayeney pitch'd, and made
Pleasant Norvicum and Colcestria's towe
[illegible] in the Darent sped their happy wa
[illegible] and elder Bruges,
[illegible]

Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes, and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
And erst from Devon thither brought the loom,
Where ivied walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone.
Thus, then, on Albion's coast the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet at times they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of pride,
Restraint, or southern luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspirited, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state
With friendly arm they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd
And envied who enrich'd them; envied those
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.
And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise.
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms)
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm.

Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignified; creating good
Wherever they inhabit: this our isle
Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms
Of either hemisphere where commerce flows:
The' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives the' impression; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has giv'n the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety;
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's* nymphs;
Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They, too, the many-colour'd Arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
Of sportive fancy; such as oft appear
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
Upturns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field,

* There is woven at Manchester, for the East-Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton, which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

Or that o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower.
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
Crowding beneath his shield; there, Ramillies'
Important battle: next the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and the' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah! then, what pow'r
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill;
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms re-
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd, [nown'd;
And elder Sidon, in the' historic web.
Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise

Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells
There will be Traffic's seat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains!
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep:
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Woos us in every port? See Belgium build
Upon the foodful brine her envied power,
And half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions: thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her task?

No common pleasure warms the generous mind
When it beholds the labours of the loom:
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the sea
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne and Tees,

Through Weare and Lune, and merchandising Hull,
And Swale, and Air, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and with the sober pace
Of cautious eld, meandering to the deep; [wave
Through Dart and sullen Exe, whose murmuring
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Usk, that frequent among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints the' impending scene,
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain snows.
The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far distant from the masted wharf.
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as the' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile
From Memphis' towers to the' Erythræan gulf;
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,

That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.
  Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs, and those who o'er the grots preside,
Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece
And glossy web to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds!

THE FLEECE.

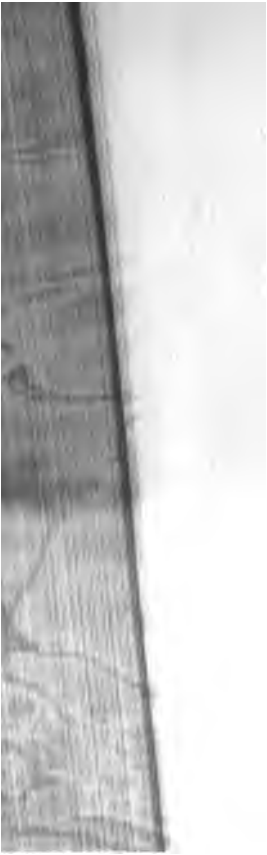
BOOK IV.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-Islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific Ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating forest: every sail unfurl'd
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.



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ness.

Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady before the breeze the pilot steers,
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return; while some explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter! whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Romney Marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecombe Mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene!
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer; and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells,
O'er whose imaginary brim nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft; Heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.

Again, [illegible] ;
These to [illegible] ria, [illegible] to co[illegible]
Of Lusitania, the' ancient [illegible] ieem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions! w[illegible] ne webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those [illegible] hester;
Light airy clothing for their [illegible] s[illegible]
And visionary monks. We, in retu[illegible]
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive; or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules,* find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracks become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins. Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill.
Such are the' effects when Virtue slacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns. Along these shores
Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dried grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,

* The Straits of Gibraltar.

Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts
That in those glittering seas with splendour rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state, and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.
To these resort the delegates of Trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see with vain regret
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth woven, of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring: the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails,
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison: it is he who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this, the Tartar and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
Meantime, (while those who dare be just oppose
The various powers of many-headed Vice)
Ye delegates of Trade! by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime

Note what is found of use; the flix of goat,
Red wool, and balm, and coffee's berry brown,
Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them; trifles oft,
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander slow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful relics: oh! could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mein
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights:
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabæan frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaia views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestical no more.
  See the dark spirit of tyrannic power!
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement. In aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.

other path to Scythia's wide domains
merce discovers: the Livonian gulf
eives her sails, and leads them to the port
rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
ell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
e Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams,
And borders of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.
Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails,
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets
From Ezion-geber pass'd the' Arabian gulf.
But latter times, more fortunate, have found
O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole glob
Is now of commerce made the scene imm
Which daring ships frequent, associated
Like doves or swallows in the' ethereal
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some with more open course to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of the' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise or grampus, or the ravenous shark
That chase their keels; or threatening rock, o'er head
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and, bartering, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara, too, displays
Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave inisles
On oozy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd.
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves:
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane and the Tobago leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.
But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours
In this adventrous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times

Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea, too, gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid. Howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a track
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders. Whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents. What barbarity
And brutal ignorance where social trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails!
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prospering voyage, steer. Rejoice to view
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs

Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
  See! through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,

From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,
And fill'd with plenty, through dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade
Persia few ports: more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few,
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell Revenge and Famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies? Oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd:
In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd
He seeks, and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-coloured saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mix'd
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material; though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem
The fleece in any traffic unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade
Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising iles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks,
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills,
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable: these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcanos rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue clifts ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon, also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandal, where traffic grieves to see
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
'Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons! and ye Gauls!
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts;'
But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wise defence
Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,

Alum, and lac, and clouded tortoise shell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm,
And late discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which in conic forms
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorn.

The keels which voyage through Molucca's Straits
Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd,
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er ever region pours.

Near those delicious isles the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of Trade! that ever-flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers porcelain
And pillar'd pagod shine; rejoic'd they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Bimingham, in brass or steel,
And flint and pondrous lead, from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,

That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast;
These, for the artists of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and for affluent life
The flavour'd tea and glossy-painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; till'd to the height
Of rich fertility; where thick as stars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious river, lakes, and bordering seas,
Rise floating villages. No wonder, when
In every province firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever with ease conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Russic caravans are brought, [wild,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and
Journey immense! which to the' attentive ear
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, erewhile
The watery seat of Desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road;
By compass steering oft from week to week,
From month to month; whole seasons view their toils.

Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract
In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.
Close on the left, unnumbered tracts they view
White with continual frost; and on the right
The Caspian Lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destined to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The generous horse conveys the sons of Trade,
And ever and anon the docile dog,
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace
Skims over icy lakes: now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through watery mists;
Tobol! the' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl and prince,
Soldier and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity
Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thrist, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
Of trade are kindled. Trade arises oft,
And virtue from adversity and want.

Be witness, Carthage! witness, ancient Tyre!
And thou, Batavia! daughter of distress.
This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattock drives:
All are employ'd, and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods;
Thence on, through Narim's wild, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd;
Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe!
Void of commercial comforts; who, nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, the' impetuous streams
Of Oby and Irtis, and Jenisca swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work, that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,

In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent! beyond the length
Of many a potent empire: towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of stedfast earth; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse!
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unwearied toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.
Happy the voyage o'er the' Atlantic brine
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs
Of lawless rule the free-born spirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,

Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
ch Britain makes the asylum of mankind!
it joy superior far his bosom warms,
views those shores in every culture dress'd;
habitations gay, and numerous towns,
ill and valley, and his countrymen
n'd into various states, powerful and rich,
gions far remote: who from our looms
largely for themselves, and for those tribes
adians, ancient tenants of the land,
nity conjoin'd, of civil life
comforts taught, and various new desires,
ch kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
who the shuttle cast along the loom,
silk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
for the culture of the Georgian track,
slight the green savannahs, and the plains
arolina, where thick woods arise
ulberries, and in whose water'd fields
prings the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
re are the happy regions which afford
implements of commerce and of wealth;
rtile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
ch overshades some crystal river, spreads
wealthy cultivations wide around,
more than many a spacious realm, rewards
fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts
Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
h, Europeans; whom the circling cup
xury *intoxicates*. Ye routs,

Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundlan
Hang their white fish amid the parching w
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield wo
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly
And frize of Cambria, worn by those who
Through gulfs and dales of Hudson's wine
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in
While winter's frosty rigour checks appro
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why,
(If ye, the travell'd sons of Commerce, kn
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, a
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallie
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, beh

And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle; nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Ayres, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind: no traffic there,
No barter, for the fleece: there angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners!
Be firm; take courage from the brave: 'twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible,
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Fast gathering tempests rous'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd the' uncover'd bottom of the' abyss,
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts,

While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'
Ruins of decks, and shrouds, and sights of death.
  Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten Lands o'erhanging shor
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion rear'd
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
  At length, through every tempest, as some branc
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense!
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.
  Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To show humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence, although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell disease,
Un'bating labour, tedious time, conspir'd,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
Denied all hospitable land or port; [world
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in the' abyss, whereon

drop the fastening anchor: though his brave
mpanions ceas'd, subdued by toil extreme;
hough solitary left in Tinian's seas,
here never was before the dreaded sound
Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
et, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations! vindicate the sway
dain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
e globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
e fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
hat can avail to her, whose fertile earth
ocean's briny waves are circumscribed,
e armed host, and murdering sword of war,
d conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
r solemn compacts in the lust of rule:
udious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
e holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
fold the world with harmony, and spread,
nong the habitations of mankind,
e various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
culiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye swains!
creasing commerce shall reward your cares.
day will come, if not too deep we drink
e cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
rnicious gift! bestows; a day will come
hen, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
e Californian coast, and all the realms
at stretch from Anian's Straits to proud Japan
d the green isles, which on the left arise
on the glassy brine, whose various capes
t yet are figur'd on the sailors' chart:
en every variation shall be told

The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every where be cl
The' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fre
Her flight renew; meanwhile, with weary w
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The shepherds' haunts, where the first spring
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wid
Wide as the' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

END OF VOL. XIX.